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THE KEEPSAKE.

In noticing the different Annuals which have fallen under our notice during the last month, our readers will bear us witness, that we have not been niggardly in our praises, nor prodigal of our blame. We have seen much to admire, and a little to censure, many very pleasant poems, and here and there one that we could willingly have consigned to 'The Lady's Magazine,' many delicious engravings, and perhaps one or two that were, either from the fault of the engraver, the painter, or the subject, eminently dull, flat, and unprofitable. The beauties to which we have alluded, we were cunning in discovering; to the faults, when we could do so with decency, and our readers were not looking, we shut our eyes; for the officers at the custom-house of literature are not bound to suspect every fair passenger of carrying contraband articles under her cloak, still less, if she thinks fit to deny their being smuggled, to assert very strenuously that they are so.

But hitherto, with some important exceptions, among which we may now reckon our indefatigable friend Miss Mitford, we have had to deal with the compositions of authors who, though very clever, promising, and so forth, may, nevertheless, without the slightest offence or ill-breeding, be pronounced the second-rates. Very excellent some of these second-rates are; some of them almost the same in kind as the first men of our own or any age—inferior to them in power, but not in feeling; but still even the best of them are inferior. In their best compositions, every one is sure that something is wanting, which is scarcely ever wanting in the duldest compositions of their betters. They write what are called very well-sustained pieces of poetry; but we cannot help feeling—even we who, being critics, are the very lowest of God's creation, that, though we might never be able to write any thing one-fifth part so good, nevertheless we can imagine something infinitely better. The horizon of the poet's thoughts stretches further, no doubt, than the horizon of our thoughts; but the horizon of his expressions does not stretch nearly so far. Though we might be utterly unable to describe our feelings even up to the point he has gone, we have feelings which carry us much beyond; in short, we have a sense, which to all, except to very vain and vulgar minds, is a painful sense, that we cannot utterly give ourselves up to the poet, that we are not the unresisting, passive slaves of his pleasure.

With respect to the great man, this we never feel. Perhaps through some half-a-dozen verses we may see him dragging his wings along the earth stupidly and heavily enough; and we may indulge the fancy that he is no such different being from ourselves after all, nay, that sometimes he can be even much clumsier and more stupid than we think, in our vanity, we could ever be. But stay an instant, and look at him now! That crawling serpent whom you thought you could gaze at, nay, trample on with impunity, has unrolled his tremendous length; he is standing upright, with his eyes glaring full upon you; and now he is coiled in a death-embrace around the neck of some portentous eagle. And how was the transformation effected? You know not,—you saw the change; but you cannot tell what occasioned it, or scarcely how it happened. There was nothing remarkable in the moment when

the whole man of genius seemed to be at once transfigured before you. Some one word, an adjective, a mere participle, perhaps, so placed, that it became a kind of burning lens concentrating the rays from a thousand suns,—is, perhaps, all that has revealed to you the powers of the being with whom you were holding converse. But that word is enough. That is a word we could not have uttered—it is a little word, a common every-day word,—but, if we had laboured for centuries, we could not have spoken it there, at that moment which has given it all its energy and virtue. But it has been uttered, and it is our word now: it has become a part of ourselves, and if we would—we could not tear it away.

We have never cared to conceal, that when we approach a person, be he living or dead, whom we know by an inward witness to be a great man, we feel towards him a sentiment, not of servility, certainly, but of child-like affection and awe. We cannot help feeling that he deserves in some higher sense than every good man, to be considered the representative of God upon earth. We feel, indeed, that he is full of faults and imperfections; but they are faults and imperfections which are made manifest by the light that is thrown upon them from his excellencies. If he had not been so great a man, we should never have discovered that he had any littleness; and, therefore, even if we are obliged to acquiesce in the humiliating estimate of a critic's duty, which determines that it consists only in finding fault, we should still, as a part of professional policy, cultivate our feelings of admiration and reverence of what is good and fair, that by that very means we might have a more thorough perception of weakness and deformity. To us the sight of such men, in any shape or any disguise, waking or sleeping, drunk or sober, produces an effect which the appearance of humbler personages in their best estate—their trimmest Sunday costume, cannot produce. We like Homer better when he is wide awake; but there is something, too, very sublime and impressive in his nod: we had rather read the second book of 'Paradise Lost;' but we also esteem prodigiously the lines on Hobson the carrier: we would rather accompany Wordsworth in 'The Excursion,' but we are also most happy to receive a present from him in 'THE KEEPSAKE.'

We owe the Editor of this beautiful volume a thousand thanks, for presenting us with a collection of engravings, which, we believe, are admitted to be superior to any that have appeared in any Annual. And we are quite sure that to all persons who do not entertain the idle and paradoxical notion, that hardworking young men who are writing for a reputation, and consequently write with labour and artifice, will produce a better poem than the calm and self-possessed men whose reputation is made, and who are, therefore, content to express their feelings as they arise within them, will admit that this is very far from the Editor's only praise, and that the literary part of the work stands equally unrivalled. What will our readers say to such a first class as the following? (they are arranged alphabetically:)

Coleridge,
Scott,
Southey,
Shelley,
Wordsworth.

Or such a second class as this? who, *vis et ne vis quidem*, escaped being placed with those we have just mentioned:

Banin,
Lockhart,
Mackintosh,
Moore,

Shelley, Mrs.

Or such a third class as this?

Croker, Crofton,
Gower, Lord F. L.,
Holland, Lord,
Hemans, Mrs.,
Hook, Theodore,
Graham, Mrs.,
Landon, Miss,
Luttrell, Henry,
Reynolds, F. M.,

Bayley, T. H.,
Beasley,
Bernal,
Harrison,
Leger, St.,
Morpeth, Lord,
Nugent, Lord,
Normanby, Lord.

Boaden.

Considering the narrowness of our limits, we should be wrong, great as is our respect for the worthies of the other classes, to extract from any but those of the first; and this is our reason for not quoting from the excellent tales by Mrs. Shelley and Mr. Banin.

The first tale in the volume is a very long and very admirable one, by SIR W. SCOTT, entitled 'My Aunt Margaret's Mirror.' We must quote one passage, more to avoid omitting so important a person than from any other cause. My Aunt Margaret has been defending herself, (and our readers will have no difficulty in surmising, her nephew likewise,) from a charge of over-attachment to the Stuart family, by maintaining that a little infusion of Jacobitical feeling is rather favourable than not to loyalty towards the existing family; and also, that an old woman can do herself no harm by indulging now and then in a waking dream about the past glories of her father-land.

"Then, instead of looking forwards, as I did in youth, and forming for myself fairy palaces, upon the verge of the grave, I turn my eyes backward upon the days, and manners, of my better time; and the sad, yet soothing recollections come so close and interesting, that I almost think it sacrilege to be wiser or more rational, or less prejudiced, than those to whom I looked up in my younger years."

"I think I now understand what you mean," I answered, "and can comprehend why you should occasionally prefer the twilight of illusion to the steady light of reason."

"Where there is no task," she rejoined, "to be performed, we may sit in the dark if we like it—if we go to work, we must ring for candles."

"And amidst such shadowy and doubtful light," continued I, "imagination frames her enchanted and enchanting visions, and sometimes passes them upon the senses for reality."

"Yes," said Aunt Margaret, who is a well-read woman, "to those who resemble the translator of 1830,

'Prevailing poet, whose undoubting mind
Believed the magic powers which he sung.'

It is not required for this purpose, that you should be sensible of the painful horrors which an actuated belief in such prodigies inflict—such a belief now-a-days,

belongs only to fools and children. It is not necessary that your ears should tingle, and your complexion change, like that of Theodore, at the approach of the spectral huntsman. All that is indispensable for the enjoyment of the milder feeling of supernatural awe is, that you should be susceptible of the slight shuddering which creeps over you, when you hear a tale of terror—that well-voiced tale which the narrator, having first expressed his general disbelief of all such legendary lore, selects, and produces, as having something in it which he has been always obliged to give up as inexplicable. Another symptom is a momentary hesitation to look round you, when the interest of the narrative is at the highest; and the third, a desire to avoid looking into a mirror, when you are alone, in your chamber, for the evening. I mean such are signs which indicate the crisis, when a female imagination is in due temperature to enjoy a ghost story. I do not pretend to describe those which express the same disposition in a gentleman."

"That last symptom, dear aunt, of shunning the mirror, seems likely to be a rare occurrence amongst the fair sex."

"You are a novice in toilette fashions, my dear cousin. All women consult the looking-glass with anxiety, before they go into company; but, when they return home, the mirror has not the same charm. The die has been cast—the party has been successful or unsuccessful, in the impression which she desired to make. But, without going deeper into the mysteries of the dressing-table, I will tell you that I, myself, like many other honest folks, do not like to see the blank black front of a large mirror in a room dimly lighted, and where the reflection of the candle seems rather to lose itself in the deep obscurity of the glass, than to be reflected back again into the apartment. The space of inky darkness seems to be a field for Fancy to play her revels in. She may call up other features to meet us, instead of the reflection of our own; or, as in the spells of Hallow-e'en, which we learned in childhood, some unknown form may be seen peeping over our shoulder. In short, when I am in a ghost-seeing humour, I make my hand-maiden draw the green curtains over the mirror, before I go into the room, so that she may have the first shock of the apparition, if there be any to be seen. But, to tell you the truth, this dislike to look into a mirror in particular times and places has, I believe, its original foundation in a story, which came to me by tradition from my grandmother, who was a party concerned in the scene of which I will now tell you."

That the language of WILLIAM WORDSWORTH has lost some of that exquisite pureness and transparency which it once possessed, and that passages might be culled from his later poems which would too well illustrate some of the remarks on false poetical diction in his admirable Preface, we fear we must be fain to admit; but 'The Wishing Gate' reminds us most pleasantly of his better days.

'The Wishing-Gate.' By W. Wordsworth.

In the vale of Grasmere, by the side of the highway leading to Ambleside, is a gate which, time out of mind, has been called the Wishing-gate, from a belief that wishes formed or indulged there have a favourable issue.

Hope rules a land for ever green.
All powers that serve the bright-eyed queen
Are confident and gay;
Clouds at her bidding disappear:
Points she to aught?—the bliss draws near,
And Fancy smooths the way.

'Not such the land of wishes—there
Dwell fruitless day-dreams, lawless prayer,
And Thoughts with Ti'ngs at strife;
Yet how forlorn, should ye depart,
Ye superstitions of the heart,
How poor were human life!

'When magic lore abjured its might,
Ye did not forfeit one dear right,
One tender claim abate;
Witness this symbol of your sway,
Surviving near the public way,
The rustic Wishing-gate.

'Inquire not if the fairy race
Shed kindly influence on the place,
Ere northward they retired;
If here a warrior left a spell,
Panting for glory as he fell;
Or here a saint expired.

'Enough that all around is fair,
Composed with Nature's finest care,
And in her fondest love;

Peace to embosom and content,
To overawe the turbulent,
The selfish to reprove.

'Smile if thou wilt, but not in scorn,
If some by ceaseless pains outworn,
Here crave an easier lot;
If some have thirsted to renew
A broken vow, or bind a true,
With firmer, holier knot.

'And not in vain, when thoughts are cast
Upon the irrevocable past,
Some penitent sincere
May for a worthier future sigh,
While trickles from his downcast eye
No unavailing tear.

'The worldling, pining to be freed
From turmoil, who would turn or speed
The current of his fate,
Might stop before this favoured scene,
At Nature's call, nor blush to lean
Upon the Wishing-gate.

'The sage, who feels how blind, how weak
Is man, though loath such help to seek,
Yet, passing, here might pause,
And yearn for insight to allay
Misgiving, while the crimson day
In quietness withdraws;

'Or when the church-clock's knell profound
To Time's first step across the bound
Of midnight, makes reply;
Time pressing on, with starry crest,
To filial sleep upon the breast
Of dread eternity.'

The following lines from 'Lucy and her Bird' are worthy of that kind-hearted and excellent man, Mr. SOUTHEY:

'And something I would teach thee from the grief
That thus hath filled those gentle eyes with tears,
The which may be thy sober, sure relief
When sorrow visits thee in after years.

'I ask not whither is the spirit flown
That lit the eye which there in death is sealed;
Our Father hath not made that mystery known;
Needless the knowledge, therefore not revealed.

'But didst thou know, in sure and sacred truth,
It had a place assigned in yonder skies;
There, through an endless life of joyous youth,
To warble in the bowers of Paradise:

'Lucy, if then the power to thee were given
In that cold clay its life to re-engage,
Wouldst thou call back the warbler from its heaven,
To be again the tenant of a cage?

'Only that thou mightest cherish it again,
Wouldst thou the object of thy love recall
To mortal life, and chance, and change, and pain,
And death, which must be suffered once by all?

Oh, no, thou sayest: oh, surely not, not so!
I read the answer which those looks express:
For pure and true affection well I know
Leaves in the heart no room for selfishness.

'Such love of all our virtues is the gem;
We bring with us the immortal seed at birth:
Of Heaven it is, and heavenly: woe to them
Who make it wholly earthly and of earth!

'What we love perfectly, for its own sake
We love and not our own; being ready thus
Whate'er self-sacrifice is asked, to make,
That which is best for it, is best for us.

'O, Lucy! treasure up that pious thought;
It hath a balm for sorrow's deadliest darts,
And with true comfort thou wilt find it fraught,
If grief should reach thee in thy heart of hearts.'

From Mr. COLERIDGE'S 'Garden of Boccaccio' we extract the following lines:

'Like flocks adown a newly-bathed steep
Emerging from a mist: or like a stream
Of music soft that not dispels the sleep,
But casts in happier moulds the slumberer's dream,
Gazed by an idle eye with silent might
The picture stole upon my inward sight.
A tremulous warmth crept gradual o'er my chest,
As though an infant's finger touched my breast.
And one by one (I know not whence) were brought
All spirits of power that most had stirred my thought
In selfless boyhood, on a new world tost
Of wonder, and in its own fancies lost;

Or charmed my youth, that, kindled from above,
Loved ere it loved, and sought a form for love;
Or lent a lustre to the earnest scan
Of manhood, musing what and whence is man!
Wild strain of Scalds, that in the sea-worn caves
Rehearsed their war-spell to the winds and waves;
Or fateful hymn of those prophetic maids,
That called on Hērtha in deep forest glades;
Or minstrel lay, that cheered the baron's feast;
Or rhyme of city pomp, of monk and priest,
Judge, mayor, and many a guild in long array,
To high-church pacing on the great saint's day.
And many a verse which to myself I sang,
That woke the tear, yet stole away the pang,
Of hopes which in lamenting I renewed.
And last, a matron now, of sober mien
Yet radiant still and with no earthly sheen,
Whom as a fairy child my childhood wooed
Even in my dawn of thought—PHILOSOPHY.
Though then unconscious of herself, pardie,
She bore no other name than POESY;
And, like a gift from heaven, in life's full glee,
That had but newly left a mother's knee,
Prattled and played with bird and flower, and stone,
As if with elfin playfellows well known,
And life revealed to innocence alone.

Reader! if thou hast ever expressed with your lips, or entertained in your heart, one hard thought of PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY,—if thou hast ever fancied, that because his mind, on one most important question, remained in darkness nearly till the close of his life, he was not one of the most earnest, affectionate, truth-seeking, humble, and self-denying men that ever lived on this earth,—if thou hast ever pharisaically thanked God that thou wert not even as that infidel, when it would have been a better and more acceptable prayer to offer up, that thou mightest become one half as pure-minded and religious as he was,—if thou hast ever rashly proclaimed that the gates of mercy were closed upon one in whom all the fruits of a true heart-faith were so brightly and beautifully manifested,—read the fragment on Love, which he has bequeathed to this volume; and if, upon rising from its perusal, thy heart is more warmed to thy fellow-creatures, and more devotional towards God, do not chide away the pious emotion, or fancy it sinful, because there is mingled with it a feeling of deep penitence for having wronged his memory, and an earnest wish that thou mayest atone for the error in the way which he would have chosen,—by imitating him in the deep tenderness of his character, and in the active benevolence of his life.

We must positively devote a separate article to the beautiful and unrivalled engravings of 'The Keepsake.'*

MR. BUCKINGHAM'S NEW VOLUME OF TRAVELS.

Travels in Assyria, Media, and Persia, including a Journey from Bagdad across Mooni Zagros; by the Pass of Alexander to Hamadan, the Ancient Ecbatana, and Capital of the Median Empire. Researches in Isfahan during a Stay in that City. A Visit to the Ruins of Persepolis, and Journey from thence by Shiraz and Shapur to Bushire, with a Voyage across the Persian Gulf to Ras-el-Khyma, the Chief Port of the Arab Pirates, and by Ormuz and Muscat to Bombay. By J. S. Buckingham. 4to. Colburn, London, 1828.

This work, we understand, will appear in the course of two or three weeks. We propose to present our readers with a sketch of its contents.

The Mesopotamian journey of Mr. Buckingham terminated with his arrival at Bagdad. There were subjects of interest in the city of the Caliphs, and its neighbourhood, to detain any traveller; but Mr. Buckingham's curiosity had satisfied itself, before his health allowed him to prosecute his journey. At length, at the end of two months, part of which had been passed in sickness at the house of his friend, Mr. Rich, and the remainder

* We have done some injustice to the publishers of this volume in not giving their names at the head of our article. The title is as follows: 'The Keepsake for 1829. Edited by Frederick M. Reynolds, Hurst, Chance and Co.; and Jennings.'

(as the readers of the last volume will recollect) in prosecuting inquiries into the ruins of Babylon, he was sufficiently recruited to undertake his Persian expedition. Mr. Buckingham's companion upon this occasion, was an Afghan Dervish, named Hadjee Ismael. This person, the narrative of whose singularities constitutes a very curious part of Mr. Buckingham's volume and strangely illustrates Oriental character, was the son of a very avaricious parent, whom he quitted when only ten years of age, partly in disgust, and partly from a precocious passion for seeing the world. He had wandered through the whole of Khorassan, earning a livelihood by the occupations that chance threw in his way, and at last had settled at Bagdad. There he devoted himself to the study of various languages, and of the sciences which enlightened Arabs still pursue with so much diligence and success. Experience of his inability to arrive at truth or satisfaction by any of these means had converted Ismael into an Epicurean and his time at Bagdad was divided between engraving seals, the occupation upon which he depended for his support, and in which he seems to have attained wonderful excellence, and a secret society, consisting of Muslims, orthodox and heretical, as well as of Catholics and Armenians, who, styling themselves 'Mutufuk Vel Filosofeah,' The United by Philosophy, met at each other's houses for the purpose of indulging the most gross and detestable licentiousness. Profound, however, beyond all conception, as were the depths of sensuality which Ismael had sounded, his feelings do not seem to have been utterly depraved. A kindness of heart, combining in a manner to us perfectly unaccountable, with his vilest pursuits, seems still to have remained with him, and even to have dictated an involuntary sacrifice of the selfishness which it was the principle of his philosophy to gratify. His introduction to Mr. Buckingham, who did not acquire this knowledge of his character till they had been some time fellow-travellers, is not the least remarkable incident in his history:

"Being desirous of having a seal-ring engraved, for my own use, with the Arabic name of Abdallah-ibn-Suliman, the Dervish Ismael was sent for by the gentlemen of the house, and was brought by Mr. Hine to my chamber. Some complimentary intimations having passed between us, we sat down together; and Mr. Hine leaving us alone, when the order for the seal was perfectly explained, we fell into other topics of conversation. Not many minutes had passed, however, before my visitor started up hastily, and exclaimed:—"W'Allah! ya Hadjee Abdallah, in en'troak al thaany Doonya, ana u'dijee maak"—By God, O! Pilgrim Abdallah! if you go even to the other world, I will follow you." I answered, "Al Ulah,"—It rests with God. And thus our first interview ended.

"I had thought no more of this affair, regarding it as the mere flight of a capricious fancy; but the Dervish himself was more in earnest than I had conceived. He went immediately to declare his wish to Mr. Rich, who treated it as I had done myself; and thus the matter remained suspended. Some few days afterwards the ring was brought, when Ismael then told me that he had made every thing ready for his departure, and would not listen to a refusal. I was myself perfectly passive in the case; as it was a matter of indifference to me who my companion was, provided he understood Arabic and Persian, of the last of which languages I knew but little. Mr. Rich still thought, as before, that so apparently capricious a determination was not likely to last; and that I might, therefore, be abandoned on the road, if I went with the Dervish only. Mr. Hine, however, thought he knew sufficiently of Ismael's character to vouch for his fidelity, and advised me to take him with me, as he desired.

"In all this, not a word was said about the time of service, or of the compensation expected for it. The affair was concluded as a matter of pure attachment, by his saying, "I shall lose here the opportunity of gaining two or three thousand piastres for the execution of orders now on my hands; I shall suffer more in tearing myself away from two or three friends who are very dear to me, and from one tender object of my affections who is of far more value to me than my

own existence; but from the moment that I saw you and heard your voice, I felt that your soul contained what I had all my life been searching for in vain, and that it was my destiny to follow you wherever you might go." He added, "I shall go and bury my sorrows in the bosom of love, and await the moment of our separation with all the tranquillity of a soul resigned to its fate." I did all that was in my power to combat this illusion, for such it evidently was, but in vain. The Dervish remained fixed in his purpose beyond all the power of entreaty or refusal to shake it.—Pp. 79—81.

By the advice of this singular man, Mr. Buckingham assumed the dress and character of an Egyptian Arab of the middling class; both because he pronounced Arabic with the accent of a native of Egypt, and because he was thoroughly acquainted with that country. His *nom de guerre* was 'Hadjee Abdallah ibn Soliman min Massar,' The Pilgrim Abdallah, (the Slave of God,) the Son of Solomon from Egypt. Our travellers left Bagdad in company with a caravan of fifty or sixty pilgrims. A more ragged and miserable crew of pious persons were, probably, never collected, either in Christendom or the territories of the Prophet; the first impression upon Mr. Buckingham was, that they resembled 'a tribe of Polish Jews, or clothesmen, armed for some purpose of robbery or plunder;' but experience soon proved that the latter part of the comparison was inapplicable. Ten Arab horsemen, the pilgrims modestly admitted, they should decline to encounter; but they did injustice to their pacific dispositions, in supposing that even a much smaller number would provoke them to resistance; for, when, a short time before they reached Kesrabad, three of these formidable knights made their appearance, the whole duty of fighting devolved upon Mr. Buckingham, the dervish, and two Persian horsemen, who had joined them, the rest of the party reserving their strength to celebrate the victory. These worthies, after plundering Mr. Buckingham of a koran, and repeatedly delaying his journey, on account of some imaginary danger, were voted incorrigible by himself and Ismael, upon their arrival at Kesrabad; and, with the exception of about half a dozen, were left to prosecute their journey to Medina in such other company as accident might introduce them to.

Kesrabad was the first stage from Bagdad, and, if Mr. Buckingham's conjectures are correct, it is a place of no slight historical importance. Those of our readers who are not very conversant with Persian history, will at least remember the allusion to the palace of Dastagherd, in that splendid passage of Gibbon's eighth volume, in which he is describing the desperate war between Chosroes and the monarch of Constantinople, which at one time threatened with extinction the Greek Empire; but which, owing to the sudden vigour of Heraclius, terminated in the complete defeat and overthrow of Persia. The site of this palace, with its thirty thousand rich hangings, its forty thousand columns of silver that supported the roof, its thousand globes of gold which, suspended in the dome, imitated the course of the planets and the constellations of the zodiac, with its six thousand guards successively mounted before the palace-gate, its twelve thousand slaves, and its three thousand virgins, has been a subject of very unsatisfactory inquiry among travellers. Gibbon confounds it with Artemita. D'Anville is at a loss, and various suggestions have been hazarded, none of which appear to tally with the facts. In an evening stroll during his stay at Kesrabad, Mr. Buckingham discovered, to the north-east of the city, a remarkable heap of ruins, called Giaour-Tuppé-sé, or the Hill of the Infidels, in form and extent like the ruins of the Makloube, the supposed castellated palace at Babylon. From these ruins, the natives stated that small idols of copper had frequently been dug out; and, in the portions that had been excavated, portions of excellent masonry were distinctly visible. These and other circumstances led Mr. Buckingham to consider these ruins in connexion with the accounts of Das-

tagherd; and he was at length, by the following arguments, led to believe in their identity:

"We have thus, therefore, these fixed data to guide us in our search after the site of Dastagherd. First, its situation in an agreeable place, so as to command whatever is thought to contribute to the gratification of an eastern taste, in wood, water, shade, &c. Secondly, its being necessary to cross three rivers, the Great Zab, the Little Zab, and the Diala, in the march towards it from Ctesiphon. Thirdly, its approach being covered by a deep and clear stream on the north-west. Fourthly, its being three days' march from it to within twelve miles of the Arha, which covers the approach to Ctesiphon, or within twenty miles, at least, of that city itself.

"The situation of the ruins here, at Giaour-Tuppé-sé, or the Hill of the Infidels, corresponds, in an extraordinary degree of accuracy, with all these particulars. The whole of the extensive valley in which it is placed may be called a delicious country. The Great and the Little Zab and the Diala must be crossed in the march to it from Nineveh, or from Moosul, where the ruins of that ancient city are. The approach to it is covered by the deep and clear stream of the Giaour-Soo, or Water of the Infidels, on the north-west. And the distance of three days' march from hence, to within twelve miles of the river that covers the approach to Ctesiphon, is as near the estimate of that distance as one can expect, since the precise distance of that river, within eight or ten miles, is not known, if it be a branch of the Diala.—Pp. 25, 26.

He adduces as an additional argument the name of the town 'Kesrabad,' which means, 'founded or peopled by Kesra,' the Arab name of Chosroes.

From Kesrabad, our traveller proceeded to Khan-e-keen, which, upon grounds we have not now time to particularise, Mr. Buckingham was led to believe the modern name of Artemita. Kassr-Shirine, a spot at no great distance, connects itself with another part of Chosroes's history. It appears to have been the spot which he dedicated to the lovely Shiriac, whose deathless attachment to him, and her burning affection for the sculptor, Ferhad, have given rise to so many interesting and contradictory tales.

Proceeding thence through Zohaub, our traveller entered the range of mountains anciently called the Zagros, which separated Persia from Assyria. There are few passes in this range which are not signalized by some legend:

"In this mountain-pass was shown to us a small natural cavern, which a lion had made his den, and to which he had dragged many an unwary passenger as his prey, inspiring such terror as to put a stop to all journeying by this route. It happened that two young Koords were at this period disputing the possession of a Virgin of the Plain, whom they both loved; but, as they lived on the one side of the pass, and the object of their affections on the other, there was an end put to their evening interviews, by the intrusion of this destroying lion.

"It was thought too bold an enterprise, even for a lover, to force this passage alone; but, as the object to be attained by such a step was equally dear to both, they for a moment threw aside the jealousy of rivals, and exchanged reciprocal pledges to stand or fall together in the attempt. Then arming themselves, and mounting two of the best horses of the country, they vowed, in the presence of their friends, entire and cheerful submission to the will of fate, stated their intention of forcing together this interrupted pass, and dragging out the lion from his den,—being content, if both should escape destruction, that the voice of their beloved should decide on their respective claims, and, if one only fell a victim, that the other would have his dying consent to marry her.

"They sallied forth, amid the applauses of their comrades, and the wish of all that the bravest should have his reward; when one of them was torn in pieces by the beast, and the other came off triumphant by slaying the animal as he feasted on his companion's corpse.—Pp. 56, 57.

Among these mountains Mr. Buckingham discovered a singular ruin called the Tank, or Arch. As the vestiges of a fine road are still discoverable in the pass through which he passed, he was led to imagine that this was the part of the mountain over which Alexander travelled from Ecbatana to Babylon, that the road might have

been his work, and the arch erected to commemorate its construction.

In these passes, Mr. Buckingham expected to find the remains of the colony of Boeotians, which Xerxes is stated by historians to have carried with him, and to have planted in that neighbourhood. No traces of a distinct race, however, are now discernible there; but, from the information which Mr. Buckingham was able to collect on the spot, he found that a class of persons, professing some of the obscene rites of paganism had once dwelt in these mountains; that, after keeping up for some time an independent existence there, they had gradually assimilated themselves to their Mohammedan neighbours, and had at last migrated to their residence in the villages; that they had acquired the name of Ali-Ullaheshs from some curious notions about the incarnation of God in the person of Ali; but that they still practised many loose pagan mysteries totally alien from the spirit and the precepts of Islamism. If this, as Mr. Buckingham conjectures, be the race in question, and if his Mohammedan informants were not led to describe their religion as consisting of the particular rites to which we have made allusion by the circumstance of their being that part of it which were most unlike their own—this fact might suggest some very curious speculations. Why should this people have brought with them, and retained, only the worst and lowest part of their national faith—the dirtiest dregs of Paganism? Was it the conscious feeling of a national existence in its believers, which held the parts of that mixed system of good and evil together, and, when that was taken away, did it necessarily resolve itself into a mere mass of putrid sensuality?

The difference between Turkey and Persia, which our travellers had now entered, became evident as soon as they reached one of the towns:

'We watered our horses at a small stream just below, and in the immediate skirts of the town; but not at the Kara Soo, as the maps had led me to expect from their placing that river west of Kermanshah. The appearance of the place, from this point of view, was that of a very large provincial town, but not of one which was the seat of Royalty. There were neither lofty minarets, nor fire domes, to be seen; and, excepting the harem of the Shah Zade, seated on an eminence in the midst of a verdant garden, and the octagonal and flat-topped kiosque of his own dwelling in the castle, there were no striking objects to arrest the attention.

'We entered by a mean gate, through a wall newly built of unburnt bricks, flanked by round towers, turreted, and showing loopholes for musquetry, and ports for cannon; but without a ditch, or any mounted ordnance on the battlements. The first streets through which we passed, after entering the town, were not superior to those of the commonest villages; but we soon came to works of a better description. The whole town seemed to be in a state of building, as if just rising from the ashes of some former one, or just founded by a colony of foreign settlers. We now went through fine streets in every stage of their progress—from those just finished to those but newly begun. All was like the bustle and activity of a perfectly new place. The shops were decked with finery, as if to catch the eye, and force themselves into early custom. There seemed an abundance of every thing to be desired, both necessities and luxuries. The half-built streets and new bazaar were thronged with people, all extremely busy, and intent on some important errand.

'I fancied myself in what I should have expected a Chinese town to be,—amidst a crowded and active population, seeing on every side ingenious devices to attract the attention, and hearing at every moment the cries of those who did not depend on the mere silent exhibition of their wares alone to sell them. Every thing offered a striking contrast to the towns of Turkey and Arabia. There were no coffee-houses at which grave idlers were lounging over their pipes; no slow and solemn-paced passengers who moved as if for pleasure only; no fine flowing dresses or gay colours, compatible only with stately attitudes and a freedom from menial occupations; no narrow and dark passages to exclude the rays of the sun; and neither

mosques nor camels to complete the characteristics of great Oriental towns. But in lieu of these were seen a hundred better pledges of the ingenuity, comfort, cleanliness, and activity of the people, and the gratifying sight of building and repair instead of gradual neglect and decay.'—Pp. 73–75.

Having passed by the river Kara Soo, the Choaspes which Milton somewhat rashly pronounced to be the drink of none but kings, because the kings of Persia drank of no other stream,—our traveller stole a visit to the caves at Tauck e Bostan. Mr. Buckingham was exceedingly anxious to write down his observations of the figures which are sculptured there; but the presence of a party of young men from Kermanshah, made the experiment somewhat dangerous; and, while he was balancing the temptations to such a proceeding against its perils, another troop came up, among whom was a very alarming person. This was an individual who had been in Egypt, and who canvassed with some severity, Mr. Buckingham's pretensions to the designation which he had assumed, alleging that neither his features nor his complexion were Egyptian. He was quieted by the extempore explanation, that our traveller had a mixture of Georgian blood in his family; but, being one of those persons who are learned overmuch, he was not contented with offering this evidence of his sagacity. He understood the Roman character; and, as the visitors to the cave had left the initials of their names in various parts of its walls, he had an opportunity of proving the extent of his acquirements.

'The names themselves, to the number of ten or twelve, were all cut in Roman capitals with great care: those of Mr. Monestey, an English Envoy, and his suite, on the right of the figure of Rustan, on looking towards it; and those of General Malcolm and his attendants, on the left. The latter were inscribed within a sort of outline tablet, drawn round it; and, as sufficient space was left within this line for that purpose, some subsequent French visitor had cut, in long slender characters, above this array of English names, the words VIVE NAPOLEON!—As a specimen of the accuracy with which the Chief understood the character, he read the first line, by saying it meant "Bismillah, el Rahhman el Rahheem," or, "In the name of God, the great and the merciful." "What," exclaimed his companions, "do the Infidels commence their writings with the prayer which our Holy Prophet has chosen for the head of every chapter of the Koran, and for the commencement of every operation of a true believer?" "No," replied the Chief, somewhat embarrassed by this remark, "it is not precisely the eloquent "Bismillah" of the Prophet, but it is a prayer to exactly the same effect, with which the Franks of the West commence all they do, and which the great mass of the Giaours write, "In Dei nomine;" but the English express it by the words, "Shipped by the grace of God!"

'The Latin and the English formulæ were each expressed imperfectly, but with sufficient distinctness, for me to recognise them both; though how this man could have learned these two, applied generally to such opposite purposes, was still to me unintelligible. My Dervish, who knew the man well, explained it perfectly however, by telling me that he was a Russian, who had been in the service of the Turks, and, having embraced Islamism, had risen by progressive gradations to be the Mutesellim, or Governor of Bussorah, which station he had filled for several years. Rustan Aga, for that was now his name, becoming obnoxious to the Pasha of Bagdad, as all the servants of the great in the East are sure to do when they are supposed to become too wealthy, he was recalled to the capital, stripped of his riches, and at last banished from thence, on which occasion he had recently come here to Kermanshah as a retreat. In his capacity of Mutesellim, at this season, frequented by English ships, he might have learned to distinguish the Roman character from others, perhaps by the occasional sight of their package-marks, or papers; and from the last alone, he must have remembered the pious formula of "Shipped by the grace of God," with which all our English bills of lading are still commenced.'—Pp. 122, 123.

Diverted by the neighbourhood of this omniscient person from his intention of taking notes upon the spot, Mr. Buckingham was compelled to confide in his memory, which seems on this occasion to have served him indifferently well, as he has

given a rather minute account of the antiquities of Tauck e Bostan. These antiquities he agrees with De Sacy in attributing to the elder Choaspes, contrary to an opinion once confidently bronched that they were the work of a much earlier age, of that of Semiramis. On the mountains of Bisitoun, however, a little further on his route, he discovered inscriptions and figures which correspond so nearly with the account in Diodorus Siculus, that he deems it scarcely hazardous to pronounce them the handy-work of the Assyrian conqueror.

At Hamadan, which the arguments of Sir William Jones, and of his successors, have proved to be the ancient Ecbatana, Mr. Buckingham was detained some days by a fever. He found opportunity, however, to gain some information respecting this remarkable place. He learned that the traditions respecting the death of Hephæstion, and the residence of his great master within the walls of the city, were little spoken of, but that the scriptural story of Mordecai and Esther was most carefully preserved. Nor is this remarkable, for

'In the time of Benjamin of Tudela, who visited Hamadan, and described the tomb of Mordecai and Esther, there were no less than fifty thousand Jews settled there, which is more than the whole of the present population: but this is easily credible, as the whole aspect of the city gives proof of former magnificence and subsequent decline. It is remarkable, too, that, at the same period, according to the same authority, there were not more than fifteen thousand Jews in Isfahan, though in that city resided the Chief, in a University, on which all the other Jews of Persia were dependent. This fact alone proves with what comparatively high importance the sacred depository at Hamadan was regarded; for it was this alone which could have drawn so many more Jews to reside in that city than at Isfahan.'—P. 167.

In the journey from Hamadan to Goolpyegan our travellers were troubled by the extreme cold of the weather, an evil against which they were unable sufficiently to provide, owing to the low state of their finances, occasioned by the inordinately high price of provisions. During the last three years, it appeared that there had been a deficiency of rain in the part of Persia through which they were journeying; and the dearth which this deficiency occasioned, besides being brought home to them by their personal sufferings, was made manifest by the number of families whom they met flying from their homes to Hamadan and Isfahan, in search of a subsistence.

Between Goolpyegan and Isfahan they met with nothing remarkable, except a youth who evinced an extraordinary regard for our travellers, and promised them hospitable entertainment at the house of his father, a principal man in Isfahan. The approach to the city is thus described:

'We went for nearly two hours through a succession of this ruined scenery, which could not be witnessed without exciting the most powerful emotions of melancholy. The rising sun presented us, however, a fine and extensive landscape, as its rays gilded the enchanting picture of the plain of Isfahan, with its mountain boundaries, and the world of interesting objects which they enclosed, thus powerfully contrasting the permanent beauties of nature with the more unstable works of man.

'We found the road near the city covered with asses, which were laden with the dirt of the highway, gathered up by scavengers for the use of the gardens near, so that manure is of more than usual value here; and, indeed, where three crops of grain are grown yearly—a succession of spring, summer, autumn, and winter fruits kept up—and where the pasture of flocks is so well attended to, that they bring forth their young twice in the year, and produce milk, butter, and cheese, at all seasons—a constant supply of manure and water must be indispensable.

'The gate by which we entered the present restricted city of Isfahan was of very mean appearance, exceedingly small, and its passage obstructed by trains of camels of nearly the same kind and size as the Arabian ones. There was also great poverty in the aspect of the few streets through which we passed, though the space of wall between the shops was whitewashed, and painted with the most grotesque figures—in combat, in the chase, at athletic games, &c.—all very gaudily coloured and badly drawn. After a few winding pas-

ages, we came at length to some noble ranges of banners, wider, more lofty, and better lighted than any similar places that I had seen, and where the shops were larger and better furnished than those either of Cairo or Damascus."—Pp. 192—194.

Having conducted our travellers through about a third of the volume, to the capital of Persia, we will part with them till our next Number.

(To be continued.)

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF DE LISLE.

The Trials of Life. By the Author of 'De Lisle.' 3 vols. 12mo. Bull. London, 1828.

THE two tales which, under the above title, are contained in these volumes, exhibit enough talent to raise them above the level of ordinary compositions in the same style, but enough inequality and carelessness to warrant the idea that their appearance has been precociously hurried by the success of a former work. Were it not for this, it is hard to suppose, from the prevalence of so much powerful writing, that so much weakness might not have been avoided. There are rich materials, in profusion and variety heaped together, but no due discrimination exercised to dwell on the more valuable, and skim over the refuse. If the reader is versed in *stenography*, and can employ that art which the writer has failed in, he may be sure of having his trouble well repaid by the strong and sustained interest arising from a combination of well-contrasted characters and perplexing incidents. The tragical vein of the story,—perhaps too tragical for the tender-hearted,—is pursued through scenes and adventures of the most solemn gloom, with a skill which would not have disgraced Mrs. Radcliffe herself; and the lingering tenderness of the reading public for ottomans and Lady Frances's is wooed and satisfied by a sprinkling of fashionable condiments.

The Tales are called 'Lord Amesfort's Family,' and 'Alicia.' For the entertainment of our readers, we will give a slight sketch of the former; not from any preference in its favour, but because we cannot find space for a detailed account of both. The story opens with the introduction of Adolphus Montresor to his guardian, Lord Amesfort. The young man is conducted to the Castle by his mother, whom, with his two sisters, he then leaves, in order to put himself more completely under the charge of his noble patron. He finds him a gloomy and mysterious character,—the perfect contrast to his little, feminine, and fascinating wife, whose attractions were instantly felt by Montresor; but, through a veil of strong disregard for the world around him, it was apparent that Lord Amesfort had feelings of peculiar interest for the young ward. After a short stay at the Castle, Montresor proceeds to town, in company with Lord De Calmer, a nephew of Lord Amesfort; and a warm intimacy springs up between the young men, which, however, seems about to be destroyed by the attachment formed by De Calmer for Emily Montresor, his friend's sister, who happened, at the same time, to be on a visit in London. Fearing the uncertain temper of De Calmer, Montresor determines to prevent a continuation of an intercourse, the consequences of which he could never depend upon. The departure, however, of his sister for the country, and a promise made by her lover to advance no claims upon her till his affection had stood the test of a longer acquaintance, allayed those apprehensions, which were shortly afterwards completely set at rest by an order abroad, which engaged De Calmer in some of the events of the Peninsular War. About this time a new character, Isabella Albany, is introduced,—a sensible, repulsive, but virtuous person, whom every one respects and admires, but no one precisely falls in love with. She pays a visit to Amesfort Park, and there meets Montresor, for whom she conceives a strong but not acknowledged regard. An accident, which brings together the different characters in rather unlucky collision, proves to her, to Lord Ames-

fort, and to all besides, that the luckless Montresor was all this time plunged deep in romantic love for the Countess, his guardian's sweet spouse, and that his love was returned. A separation was inevitable. The young man is to leave the Castle, and Lord Amesfort parts with him, but without any display of resentment for the discovery just made. Two or three days, however, elapse before his departure, during which the Countess is recovering from indisposition, and kept aloof from Montresor by the contrivances of Miss Albany. At the end of that period, without any hope of again seeing his lady-love, our hero leaves the Castle. The following extract will show the state of things at this period:

"Two weary days Adolphus dragged on, not only without seeing the Countess, but without any message from her, or any particulars respecting her health. The Earl answered his inquiries in general terms, which were not much more satisfactory than the replies of the servants. Every one seemed in league to torment him; some by their ignorance, and others by their wonder at his being so inquisitive. He thought Lord Amesfort ready to appear obliged to any one but him for their anxiety for the Lady of the house; and one old woman, who had been long on a visit, and was a sort of relation, or dependant of the Earl's, put the finishing stroke to his misery, by hinting, with a very important face, that, as her good Lord did not appear alarmed, there were doubtless reasons for her Ladyship's illness that would be far from distressing to him. Montresor had never before felt the emotion of hatred towards any living being, and he now turned abruptly from his officious informant, that his eye might not glare abhorrence on her. He longed for wings to transport him instantly from Amesfort Castle; and, such was the power of imagination, that, when next he met the Earl, he almost fancied there was on his countenance less than ordinary gloom. It was only for a moment; for, as he scanned those lines of thought, he felt they were not intersected with one solitary feeble ray of pleasure. The tranquillity that sat on his features was not that of repose, but of stagnation; and, when some transient motion ruffled the sullen stillness of the surface, it subsided instantly, leaving no trace behind.

"Impatient at the ignorance in which he fancied himself studiously kept, Adolphus wrote a note to Isabella, who had never quitted Lady Amesfort's room. Miss Albany merely scratched with a pencil on the back of it: "So much better, that you may fulfil your original intention when you please." Montresor was mortified: would they, indeed, both let him go without seeing him? If Miss Albany had but answered his note in person, and said Lady Amesfort was ordered to see no one! He read the words over frequently, but could not see them in a favourable light. It was, he thought, doing an unkind thing in an unkind way. Lady Amesfort might act from prudence, for fear of her husband; but Isabella! why was she to be cold and indifferent? He crushed the paper in his hand; and, with his spirit more depressed than he had ever yet experienced it, he sought the Earl to take his final leave.

"His guardian did not make any farther opposition to his immediate departure, merely intrusting him with a parcel to his sister. Their parting was not unkind; but Adolphus felt uncomfortable at his own coldness, with which he reproached himself, as being a sort of ingratitude: dissimulation of any sort was foreign to his nature, and to be otherwise than stiff and constrained was, at that moment, impossible. When he had left the room, and gone a few yards, he suddenly remembered something more he had to say, and returned. When he had quitted his guardian, they were both standing: a profound bow, on his part, and a half inclination from the haughty Peer, had concluded the ceremony of taking leave. What, then, was his wonder, to find Lord Amesfort, on his return, lying with his face buried on the sofa, uttering a faint moan, which was suffocated by rising sobs!

"Have you hurt yourself, my Lord?" he said, gently touching his shoulder.

"The Earl sprang on his feet, as though he had felt a murderer's grasp; the tears trembled in his blood-shot eyes; but the wild sternness of his air seemed able to repress them for falling on any one who dared to witness them. So much misery and so much anger united, shocked the already oppressed Adolphus. He apologised for his intrusion more by gesture than words, and, with eyes bent to the ground, again sought the door. The Earl stopped him, he gasped for breath, and spoke, at first, inaudibly; but Montresor, under-

standing he wished to know if he had returned for any particular object, told him, without hesitation, the fact. Lord Amesfort seemed content; he followed his ward to the door, saying, he thought the air would be of use to him.

"The carriage had driven on; for Adolphus, who knew every inch of the country, meant to walk across the fields to rejoin it. The Earl, understanding his arrangement, turned another way, leaving him to go by himself, as the distance was greater than he was inclined to try. Montresor struck across the grounds; but, as he came within view of the stile he was to go over, he remembered that very near to it was a bower, which Emily had constructed in former days. "She will like to know how it looks," thought he, and he turned aside to visit it. Its entrance was concealed to all who had not known it formerly, by the thick shrubs that grew around; and Adolphus saw with surprise a pony of Lady Amesfort's tied to a tree near it.

"Before he had time to conjecture who could be riding it, he had shaken off the snow that hung on the leafless branches, and forced his way into the grotto, where, seated on the mossy bench, supported by Miss Albany, sat the Countess herself. He stood transfixed in silent astonishment. No gleam of satisfaction crossed his mind at the conviction of her recovery; for love is a selfish passion, even with the most generous dispositions: he was alive but to one feeling,—she might have seen me, and she would not!

"Pardon my intrusion!" he said at last in a frozen accent, for he was too proud to make it a reproachful one: "I am happy to see your Ladyship out again!" and, bowing, he retreated hastily. His precipitation only retarded his progress through the overgrown brambles: he opposed his strength to the fragile boughs, which opened before him, and rebounding struck against his face.

"If you could be more patient, you would suffer less," said the warning voice of Isabella. It was the tone of kindness and commiseration, not of taunting reproof; and Montresor felt all it was intended to convey; yet at such a moment to talk of patience was an insult to his impetuous feelings, and he turned to her with a smile of withering scorn. She stood at the narrow and darkened entrance of the grotto, as if purposely to conceal her who rested within; nay, more like some fabled deity placed there to guard her. There was at all times a peculiar grandeur and self-possession in Miss Albany's manner and air, which had often struck Montresor, but never so forcibly as now.

"Yes," he said, unconsciously speaking aloud his thoughts, "you are my barrier!"

"Only," rejoined Isabella in the same under tone, "from guilt and misery."

"The Countess was like one stunned by the unexpected meeting with Adolphus, who had, as she thought, quitted the Castle in the carriage she had seen drive off some hours before. She buried her face in the withered moss, and was awakened to the consciousness of existence by the severity of the cold. She raised her languid head, and, perceiving Isabella a few yards from her, made a feeble effort to join her. Again the figure of Montresor was before her. "Is it a vision?" she said, with the feeling of uneasy doubt with which we sometimes view beings in a dream. The unsettled expression of her countenance alarmed Montresor. He hastily reassured her; and, grieved at her evident feebleness of mind and body, asked Miss Albany if she had strength to reach her pony, which could not be brought nearer on account of the bushes. Agitation and cold seemed so completely to have unnerved Lady Amesfort, that Miss Albany could not be without apprehensions; but her first wish was not to detain Adolphus any longer, and she answered hastily, "Quite well, presently." While she spoke, however, Lady Amesfort's head sunk on her shoulder, and Isabella could not conceal that she had fainted. She had not power to support her, and Adolphus received in his arms the senseless form of her he idolized.

"I beseech you," said Miss Albany, earnestly, "lay her on the bench, and leave us;" but she spoke to the winds. A long, labouring sigh broke the spell of insensibility, and Lady Amesfort moved her lips without the power to speak.

"If you will untie the pony," said Adolphus, "I will place her upon it; and, if you can support her there, I promise to leave you that moment."

Isabella flew to the animal, and brought it instantly as near as possible, anxious to shorten this interview. Involuntarily, Lady Amesfort returned the pressure of the arms that supported her.

"O that this little spot of earth were our world!"

said Adolphus. "Would it not be a happy one, my love?"

"Too happy!" murmured the Countess, forcibly extricating herself from his embrace, and looking round for Isabella.

"You cannot walk to her," said Adolphus, following her thoughts; "but the sooner you get out of this cold place the better." And she suffered him to carry her through the tangled entrance of the portico, and place her in silence on her horse. Isabella impatiently threw her arm round the Countess, and Montresor reluctantly withdrew his. The sight of Miss Albany seemed to recover Lady Amesfort. She laid her almost powerless hand on the burning brow of Adolphus, and said firmly, "God bless you, Montresor! wherever you go: but remember, we must meet no more!"

"Never!" cried Adolphus, in a tone that wrung even the heart of Isabella.

"Never!" solemnly replied the Countess, with the strength of despair.—Vol. i. pp. 152—161.

Montresor goes to London once again, and becomes acquainted with the family of the Barclays, the various members of which are employed to blazon out one or two pretty episodes, and support the main incidents of the Tale. Lord De Calmer returns ill from his campaign. His friend joins him; and Lord Amesfort also visits the sick soldier. Upon the return of his health, he goes with his uncle to the Castle, and Montresor is left in town, and for some time without tidings of his friend. No letters were directed to him; and, to his surprise, shortly afterwards, he is informed that De Calmer was at the time clandestinely living in London. He seeks him out, and discovers him a guest in the house of a Mr. Knolls, who acknowledges a wish for the espousals of his visitor with his sister, Mrs. Moore, a widow of great attractions, not unemployed for the purpose. It seems convincing to Montresor that his friend was faithless, and he breaks the intelligence to his sister Emily, partly by hints in letters, partly through their common friend, Isabella Albany. Shortly afterward, he catches an infectious fever, which nearly proves fatal. Recovering from a long state of delirium, he finds himself nursed by Lady Amesfort herself, and in her own house. The old passion was renewed more strongly than ever. The interference of Miss Albany seemed all fruitless; and a plan of elopement, deliberately formed, was only prevented by the arrival of Lord Amesfort, who, after a solemn remonstrance ineffectually made, put at last the concluding blow to the intrigue, by declaring that the woman Montresor was seeking to seduce was his father's wife.

The hero goes abroad; and a series of melancholy events follow, occasioned by the transactions here glanced at. After some time, De Calmer, in a letter to him, explains his conduct, which he was driven to, by the discovery of his relationship to Montresor, and the machinations of others. He announces also his intention of visiting Emily Montresor at her mother's, in Wales. Thither he goes, and finds his love on the verge of death and imbecility, reduced by his abandonment of her, and by the scenes of sorrow which she could not witness undisturbed. The termination of their story is thus told:

"But now his thoughts took another turn; for, as lights were brought in and placed on the table near Mrs. Montresor, the uncertain glare, confounding with the last glimmering of day, poured full on her face a stream of ghastly effulgence. That countenance, long the wreck of loveliness, was now also that of intelligence; and the vacant smile, which Emily's singing still taught to wander over it, faded into tranquil imbecility as the sounds died on her ear. Lord De Calmer felt as much overcome by the unexpected spectacle of ruined intellect, as if he had been passionately attached to the unfortunate sufferer. He had not courage to go in: he feared to startle Emily: he shrunk from the scene that seemed to await him; and, hastily scratching a few lines (to announce his approach) with his pencil, he tore out the leaf in his pocket-book, and rang the bell to give it to the servant. But Emily, to whom all sounds produced a nervous impatience to investigate their motive, and who, besides, expected the physician who attended her mother, started up, and

was at the door ere the bell had ceased ringing. Coming from a strong light, objects were less discernible to her in the dark; and, merely perceiving from his height that the person before her was not the doctor, she asked timidly, if he wanted any thing, or had lost his way. Lord De Calmer could not have spoken, if his life had depended upon it; but he sighed deeply; and Emily, conjecturing he was a foreigner, asked him questions in several languages. Still the stranger was silent; but he caught the scarf that blew lightly across him, and raised it to his lips.

"Oh, God! who are you?" Scarcely could Emily articulate ere her lover pressed her to his heart, and she felt his tears on her cheeks. Emily laboured to overcome her agitation. She walked with him into their little parlour; but the look which he cast on her mother overset her resolution. Fanny bounded forward to meet the stranger.

"Will you welcome me so kindly," said De Calmer, taking her proffered hand, "when you know I come to carry off your sister?"

Emily tried to smile. "It is too late," she said, and fainted. Lord De Calmer could not move to assist her: he felt as if an ice-bolt had fallen on his heart. He drew a long breath when she recovered, as if he would have shaken off the weight from his soul. What would he not have given to recall the days that were past! only a few months! but it could not be; and the words continued still to ring in his ears—"It is too late!" Yet the next day his heart again opened to hope; and for many ensuing ones he cherished the belief that Emily would recover. Her eye was no longer heavy and starless, nor her sunken cheek so pale; she smiled, too, often; and De Calmer thought that, in her loveliest days, he had never seen that smile so beautiful.

The shock he had experienced on first beholding Mrs. Montresor soon subsided, and he felt a sort of melancholy interest in watching the unconscious being, whose daughters gazed on her with the same love and reverence they had ever felt. From the physician he learned that a paralytic stroke had seized her on first hearing of her son having so suddenly disappeared; but from Emily he could hear no particulars; for she studiously avoided the painful subject, as she did the one he most wished to canvass respecting their future plans. Often did he begin a conversation, in the hope of leading to it; but she seemed to have an intuitive sense of his intention, and never suffered him to fulfil it. Then he came upon it abruptly; but she warded it off with playful tenderness.

"One day that she saw him bent on pursuing it, she suddenly changed her tone. "Are you wise," she asked, "to look so obstinately to a future that may never be ours? Let us enjoy the present, of which alone we are sure: why should we dwell on gloomy images? I am happy—will you not be so also?"

"I do not understand you, my dearest Emily: to me there is no gloom in our union; nor can I be quite happy till you are wholly mine."

Emily's radiant face was overcast. "Look!" said she, as she held her transparent hand before the light, "would you wed Death?"

"Oh, talk not so, my beloved! Think how young you are, how much better you are looking, how dear you are to me—you must live."

"It is not at my option, De Calmer: the thread has long spun thin; but I will not complain, for it has not broken in grief."

"Emily!" said her lover, in the low suffocated tone of anguish, "do not tell me I killed you."

"We will not talk of the past," said Emily, affectionately: "I have had various sorrows, but they hang light on me now—for they are nearly over. I would rather bless than reproach you, for your presence is to me the last warm light of departing day. De Calmer! if you felt how sweet it is to be beloved, you would not pity me—you would not mourn for yourself!"

In spite of this conversation, Emily's strength seemed renovated; and, what was still more singular, her mother was better. The stroke had fallen on one side entirely, of which it had taken away the use; but now, at times, a sort of motion was discernible in the wasted arm; her head was less powerless—she could turn it on her pillow; and, though she did not speak, her daughters fancied, by her motion, that she had a sort of wandering recollection. She had been always sensible of sound, and appeared to feel something like satisfaction from that of music. They thought she now distinguished the airs, to which she would beat time with any thing in her hand.

One evening that De Calmer was leaving the cot-

tage, with the hope that Mrs. Montresor's recovery was not impossible, and her daughter's almost certain, Emily begged him not to go so soon. As she had frequently been earnest with him to leave them early, that the house might be quiet, after her mother had been taken to bed, the request surprised him; but he readily assented, and, establishing himself in the arm-chair, took up a book with which to while away the time till Emily or Fanny could be released from their attendance on their mother. Engrossed with his book, De Calmer did not think of the hour until he was startled by the house-clock striking twelve. It was such a contrast to the stillness of every thing around, that he almost thought it at his ear. The last vibration died away, and he took out his watch to see if it was really so late. He thought something flitted past him: he looked up, and, though he saw nothing, the conviction was still strong upon him, that something was near. He snuffed his dim candles, and, getting up, looked cautiously round. Nothing was discernible at a distance; but, as his eye took a narrower circuit, he almost smiled at perceiving he had overlooked Emily. She stood close behind him, and never had he seen an earthly form like that. She was robed in loose draperies of white, which seemed to hang from her as though they enshrined only a spirit, and floated far on the air. Her beautiful hair carelessly gathered up, and entwined with white roses, seemed scarcely more tangible than her figure. De Calmer well remembered that white garland, for he had chosen it for Emily at a very early stage of their acquaintance: he had placed it on her brows, and said, that, when he wished to personify innocence, he would paint Miss Montresor in that simple head-dress. With a superstitious feeling of anxiety, amounting to dread, did De Calmer ask himself, why she wore the roses now. But he had not courage to give his thoughts utterance, and soon they were lost in wonder at her uncommon cheerfulness. She spoke on almost every subject they had ever been in the habit of discussing, but with a force of eloquence, a rich vein of humour, that her natural diffidence had hitherto restrained. Still De Calmer was uneasy; he watched the deep glow of her cheek, the restless wandering of her eye, until he even fancied something ominous in her luminous smile. It grew late, but she did not seem to heed it: at last, almost starting as he made her mark the bright moon-beams shoot long slanting rays through the casement into the apartment where they sat, she took out a letter, and gave it to De Calmer. It was for Isabella Albany.—"If," said she, "you would do me a real service, and remove a heavy weight off my mind, you will deliver this yourself."

"If," replied he, "you dislike trusting it to the post, let me, at least, send my servant. He is deserving of confidence, and it is hard to banish me for a letter!"

"Have you ever seen me capricious?" said she solemnly; "and will you refuse me the first request I ever made you?"

"No; I will refuse you nothing: but promise me, dearest Emily, when I return, you will grant my request also."

"When you return, my Lord, I shall oppose you no longer;" and she smiled, but it was a terrific smile which did not inspire confidence. "It is bright and clear," she said, after a short pause; "and you cannot well miss your way. Let us part now, and to-morrow you will begin your journey?"

"Do not doubt me," answered he; "the sooner I go, the sooner I shall return." Emily softly unbarred the cottage door, and stood in the mild tremulous light of the moon, looking like the Spirit of Peace, tempted, for a moment, to alight on earth, while strife and about slept.

"Do not tempt the night air, my dearest," said her lover. "Go in, I beseech you, and let me find you as blooming, and somewhat stronger, when I return."

"We part for long!" said Emily, in a broken accent, and she trembled violently. He supported her, and tried to calm the nervousness that seemed to dictate her words. She did not answer; but, after a momentary silence, she threw her arms around him, and said firmly, "God bless you, my love!" He felt the pressure, and, ere he was quite conscious it was removed, the door was closed, and he stood alone. He bent his steps homeward, wondering why he felt so much oppressed. He went to bed; but, if he lost himself in sleep, it was but to dream of horrors; and he sprang from his restless couch, relieved at the sight of daylight, which again called for action. He gave directions for his departure, but it was so early

he could rouse no one: an indistinct sensation of uneasiness hung upon him. He pondered on Emily's words, "We part for long;" and an insurmountable desire to see her again, at least to hear of her, urged his steps to the cottage. No one was stirring within; no smoke rose from the chimneys; the door was barred as when he left it, and the shutters of the parlor windows open, as on the night before. He looked curiously in, and his eye became fascinated to the spot: he hoped it was a dream, but he had not power to look another way, to move and rouse any one, that his fears might be dispelled or confirmed. Stretched on a sofa, close below the open casement, was the form of Emily. She still wore her white roses, but her cheek looked whiter yet; her brilliant tresses mocked the dead colour of the brow from which they hung; her hands were clasped as in prayer, and her head bending on one side; the lower part of her face was concealed. Rousing himself by a desperate effort, Lord De Calmer forced himself through the open window; for she might sleep, and he did not wish to terrify her sister unnecessarily. He walked boldly to the couch, he stooped to see if she breathed; he touched her, she was quite cold! De Calmer staggered to a chair: he gazed on her—could this be death?—He might have remained longer in his trance, but Fanny, who was seeking her sister, came in; and when he saw her, he uttered a cry, and sprang forward to the corpse.—Vol. ii. pp. 17—28.

The mother's death followed instantly; and, after a decent delay, the apologetic or penitential season arrives: Montresor, after years of travel, returns an altered man, and marries Isabella Albany; and Lord De Calmer becomes the husband of little Fanny, the sister of her whose death he had precipitated.

If our extracts do not speak favourably for this work, we do not wish to propitiate our readers by any unauthorised praise. We think them—and they are not showy specimens—very clever illustrations of a very clever and interesting work.

RELATIONS WITH RUSSIA.

A Few Words on our Relations with Russia; including some Remarks on a recent publication by Colonel De Lacy Evans, entitled 'Designs of Russia.' By a Non-Alarmist. 8vo. Pp. 58. Baldwin and Cradock. London, 1828.

THE object of this pamphlet, as its title partly intimates, is to allay the apprehensions which so many Englishmen entertain of the evil consequences which must result from the Russian invasion of Turkey to ourselves, and to the other nations of Europe. The tone of the Journals,—the rapid circulation of Colonel Lacy Evans's pamphlet,—the vehement indignation expressed at the Blockade of the Dardanelles,—all tended to convince the author that there is a feeling abroad which might easily become one of direct hostility to Russia; while the 'pacific conduct' of the Wellington Cabinet, appearing to arise, not from deliberation, but from a want of it—not from a persuasion that Russia's aggrandisement would do us no harm, but from a persuasion that she is not disposed to aggrandise,—offers, he thinks, very little security that the Government would resist the popular current. Under such circumstances, he has thought it important to state his views to the public, and, if possible, to disabuse it of an opinion which he considers false in itself, and likely to lead to dangerous results.

After a preliminary chapter, in which he contrasts the policy of the present Government with that of Mr. Canning, giving to the latter the praise of having followed out his fears of Russian aggrandisement into a rational and intelligible course of action, and thereby contrasting him with his successors, who, he thinks, equally over-estimate the dangers from that Power, but are not equally consistent in their methods of counteracting them,—our author proceeds at once to the question, whether, supposing all that has been alleged respecting the 'designs of Russia' against Turkey be true, we should be justified in a hostile interference? This, at least, is a fair way of meeting the question; for, instead of relying upon Lord Aberdeen's frail argument, that Russia had no ambitious views in the present ex-

pedition, our author at once admits them to be as ambitious as the most trembling alarmist can suppose them to be, and then proceeds to argue, that there are limits in the laws of human society, and in the circumstances of Russia, which will prevent that ambition from becoming terrible to its neighbours.

Passing hastily over the question* respecting the effects of a war upon our trade; but showing, as it seems to us, with tolerable clearness, that the immediate evils which it would produce to the trade with Russia, would far more than counterbalance any protection which it might ultimately afford to the Levant trade,—our author proceeds to examine the question in relation to the balance of power. This phrase, and the principle which it denotes, is not treated with any rude contempt in the pamphlet before us; on the contrary, our author admits, as every reasonable person will, that it is a great advantage that different states should have such a mutual dread, arising from a sense of their respective powers being adjusted with tolerable evenness, as should prevent them from rushing into collision or aiming at the subversion of each other's independence. But this balance may appear to be disturbed when it is not really so; the new weights which are thrown into either scale may displace weights which were there before, and thus occasion no additional preponderance; or the weights in one scale may be constantly *growing* weights, and those in the other may be dead stationary weights, and, therefore, the new addition may scarcely make the last equal to the other: or, lastly, if, after all these considerations have been taken into account, the balance should be found to have been really disturbed, the practical question still remains, What are the means of redressing it? Now our author contends, that if these three circumstances were fairly considered by those who are discussing the policy of a Russian war, they would come to this conclusion,—that the balance will not be disturbed even by the addition of Turkey to the Muscovite dominions, because such an addition would inevitably lead to their dismemberment; 2dly, That, if it were granted that Russia gained some power by these means, far more than a counterbalancing increase of power is accruing to the other States of Europe from those advances in knowledge and civilisation in which Russia has not partaken; and, Lastly, That, if it should at last be determined that Russia has gained real supremacy among the nations by her conquests, that evil would not be remedied by engaging in war. We have stated these arguments in the reverse order to that in which they appear in the pamphlet before us; and we must, therefore, in the first place, state our author's grounds for the conclusion just stated,—that, be the aggrandisements of Russia estimated as they may, this is not the time for resisting them.

All wars may be classed either as wars of *social policy* or wars of *individual energy*.† A few might

* In this Chapter the author detects Colonel Evans in a curious inconsistency. While he is talking of the Levant Trade, he has no language to express his sense of its importance to the interests of the country. But the moment he touches upon the arguments against war, which were derived from the mischief it would occasion to the Russian trade, the gallant writer breaks into a strain of the most absurd grand-iloquence, and talks of the trammels of well-meaning arithmeticians and the mercenary spirit of Petersburg traders!

† If we were to look merely at the history of the wars which have taken place in Europe since the peace of Westphalia, we should find that this division very nearly (though not exactly) coincides with the common division of wars—into wars of aggression and wars of defence. But we prefer the other classification upon two grounds; first, because in the ancient world there were many wars of aggression, which were wars of individual energy, and which, we believe, were useful to the nations engaged in them; and secondly, because it is always expedient, where it is possible, that the terms of a division made with reference to a moral question, should express (besides the fact) the *reason* of the moral difference between them.

be mentioned which it would be difficult to refer to either of these heads, and these are the wars which occasion most perplexity to the moral casuist. But in nearly every case this division will hold good; and in every case where it does hold good, we believe it will be found that the former, the wars of policy, have been attended with almost unmixed evil to the states which have engaged in them; and the latter, not certainly with unmixed, but, we think, with immensely preponderant, good. This is the view which a moralist takes of wars. But our author has very convincingly and happily shown from experience and history, that the politician's view of the question ought to be precisely the same;—that, in fact, the wars of state policy never have secured the objects for which they were commenced,—that they never have redressed the balance of power, but, on the contrary, have still further unsettled it,—and that it has been always at last rectified by the other kind of wars, those of *individual energy*.* This he illustrates by the case of Charles V., vainly opposed in his schemes of aggrandisement by combinations of monarchs, but checked the moment he attacked the national existence of France, and began to tyrannise over Germany,—by that of Louis XIV., irresistible till he aimed at the subjugation of Holland, and then suddenly stopped in his career,—by that of Charles XII., the master of Europe, till he roused the national spirit of Russia to beat him at Pultowa,—by the coalition against revolutionary France, which, if it had succeeded in blotting that country out of the map of Europe, would have effectually destroyed the balance of power, but which was resisted by the might of the nation;—lastly, by the omnipotence of Napoleon, which England was unable to resist upon any principles of state policy, till she was able to use, as a lever for overturning the oppressor, the outraged spirit of Spain, Germany, and Russia. The application of these instances to the case before us, is exceedingly well managed.

So, in the event of the Russian subjecting the provinces of Northern Turkey to their dominion, the moment of their making the acquisition, when the mass of the inhabitants, Wallachians, Bulgarians, and Greeks, look upon them as deliverers, is not the moment for attempting to wrest it from them. Wait rather for the time when Russian administration, enforcing more of order, and protecting property better than the senseless rapacity of an Oriental court, shall have left some scope to industry, permitted some accumulation of wealth, and some springing up of public intelligence; in short, given some social consistence to the poor, divided semi-barbarous nations who inhabit those countries. They will be apt to gain those means of power, civil and military, which their new masters will have brought amongst them; but they will not be the less careful of national distinctions.

Trust the ruling powers of a sovereign country for sacrificing the interests of their vassal dominions to their own—trust the insolence of its official agents for wounding the pride of the provincials; they will take care that the conquered people shall not cease to entertain the feeling of separate existence, and to nourish the hope of independence. Difference of language alone will be a sufficient dissolvent, when political necessity ceases to act as a cement between the old territories of Russia and its new acquisitions. These causes may be of slow, but they are of certain operation; and they are at work among all the conquered nations which surround Russia Proper.—Pp. 25, 26.

So much for the argument admitting Russia to become really preponderant by means of her conquest. Then, for the second point, that she will not become preponderant because her increase of power, granting it to be real and permanent, is met by a power in the other states which has in it a principle of much more rapid self-augmentation. To prove this point, the author, in the first place, gives a very animated account of the progress in

* In some respects it would be better to say, national energy, except that it would not convey so clearly the notion, that it is each individual's consciousness of his being an integral part of the state, which gives these wars their peculiarities and their virtue.

civilisation and power which has been made by France, Prussia, and even Austria, as well as the lesser states of Europe, during the last half-century, concluding with the following anti-alarmist view of the resources of Great Britain:

'As to this country, I may assert, without fear of contradiction, that, since the period of the great territorial acquisitions of Russia, since the Turks were compelled to cede Bessarabia and half of Moldavia, since the second partition of Poland, and the conquest of Georgia, Great Britain has, notwithstanding the enormous dilapidation of capital occasioned by the intervening war of the French Revolution, made strides in wealth, and in power the consequence of wealth, previously unexampled. What measure of progress shall we take? The extension of surface under the plough, or the general improvement in the arts of tillage; the growth of our commerce in every sea and every port of the world where commodities can be exchanged for commodities; the prodigious increase of the quantity of manufactured produce, and of mechanical inventions, yearly accelerating the ratio of that increase; the progress of building in every direction; the constant additions to enjoyment and convenience; former luxuries now become ordinary comforts, and the class of those enjoying them increased beyond precedent. Our public establishments are nearly twice as large as they were before the period referred to—larger far than public safety or the service of the State demands; yet they are supported with an effort but little greater, and prove, by their very wantefulness, the extent of resources which could be displayed in a case of real necessity.'—Pp. 37, 38.

But here the question naturally occurs, Has not Russia been making great progress during the same interval, and will not this easy conquest of Turkey increase this very civilised power of which we have been speaking? To this the author furnishes an able, and to our minds a perfectly satisfactory answer. That Russia has not increased in civilisation at the same rate with other nations, must be obvious to all who consider that the rate at which civilisation goes on depends, in ordinary cases, upon the point which it has reached: in fact, its momentum,—the product of its power and velocity,—increases very nearly as the squares of the distances from barbarism. So far, then, as we have at present got, the power of other states is increasing faster than that of Russia. But, then, say the alarmists, by this visit to the East, and the conquest of Constantinople, they will make up their lea-way, and will be presently a-head of us, and henceforth at least even with us in the swiftness of the race. Our author takes this objection by the horns. Be it so, he says. I do not believe the effect will be so sudden and magical; but I do believe the Russians will be very much civilised by intercourse with the East. But what then? Why, then, a great part of that military power upon which you rest such weight, and the amount of which I can prove you to have most prodigiously exaggerated, will, as has been the case in all other nations, melt away.

'The existence of an equestrian people like the Cossacks, half soldiers, half herdsmen, supporting themselves by their flocks or farms without expense to their superior chief, and ready to follow his standard when pay and plunder allure them, is nothing new among rude nations: nor to neighbours instructed in European discipline are they formidable, excepting as thieves are formidable. Almost every country, at one stage or other of its civilisation, has had its Cossacks. Great Britain had Cossacks when she had borderers; and, if we could call the men of Annandale and Liddesdale, with their lances and their hard galloways, to our standards, we should match the Russians with irregular bodies of Elliots, Armstrongs, Scotts, and Johnstones, ready armed and mounted, to join our armies, we can look at the fertile country wasted by those lawless tribes, and see it covered with harvests, studded with populous villages and flourishing towns, exhibiting in every direction the marks of protected industry; we possess, on the same extent of territory, a mass of po-

* This, of course, is not always apparent, because the steps from utter barbarism to the first, second, or third stages of civilisation are much more striking and obvious, than the steps from the second or third degree,—say, to the tenth, twelfth, or twentieth stages of it.

pulation and of wealth, sufficing to equip a force far more numerous, and composed of far better soldiers, than all the ancient borderers arrayed together.

'When Russia is more civilised and better cultivated than she now is, she will be more powerful than she now is; but she will have fewer Cossacks. These half-reclaimed barbarians will become steady farmers and industrious tradesmen; they will become rich enough to pay taxes, and too busy to be called on to serve. The name of Cossacks may be preserved to certain regiments; but it will be with them, as with the Hussars in the rest of Europe, nothing more than the name.'—Pp. 51, 52.

The third argument is, that Russia not only will not require such an extent of power as will give her a preponderance, but that she will not gain any real power at all, by the conquest of Turkey. The principle that extent of territory beyond a certain point always tends to its weakness, has been generally taken as an axiom in political science; but Colonel Evans has thought that Russia forms a particular exception to this truth; and, as a paradox is always agreeable, he had need to do little more than make the assertion, in order to have it widely believed. As our author's task is merely to support the old opinion against a very inadequate and unsatisfactory attempt to overthrow it, we will merely state what we think he makes out conclusively, that neither the territorial nor the maritime strength of Russia will be increased by her new possessions. The following passage, in which he states the good which he thinks may follow from the invasion of Turkey, is worth extracting, both for its justice and its eloquence:

'But a systematic military Government sometimes works good, even by plans purely selfish. The ever-craving desire of extended dominion in the sovereign, the double stimulus of present profit and future reputation in the military chiefs, alike prompt to conquest, which is always disguised, and sometimes justified, by the necessity of checking the inroads of plundering neighbours. The equal despotism of a rational (we need not suppose a well-intentioned) Government, which, from its own resources, can pay and equip a regular army, coerces with a strong hand the stupid violence of a barbarian aristocracy; and the people, at once conquered and protected, are allowed to labour in peace. Thus, in expending her wealth on military expeditions and distant garrisons, Russia spreads the elements of civil security, and the germs of national prosperity around her. Having no apprehensions for the safety of the civilised west, I mark with pleasure the Russian frontier line constantly advancing in the barbarous east; I anticipate the time, not with fear but with hope, when the presence of their bayonets shall force the rapacious Pasha, and his brutal agents, to respect the property of the peasant; and I rejoice to think that it is not necessary for the welfare of one quarter of the globe that another should always be subject to the savage tyranny of its present lords.'—Pp. 29, 30.

The pamphlet concludes with an argument against the probability of Russia invading India with any chance of success.

We have left ourselves little room to express our opinion of the work upon which we have bestowed so large a notice: but we cannot conclude our article without saying that it exhibits great precision in the statement of the arguments, and great diligence in the collection of facts,—two merits which we are anxious to mention, because our hasty analysis has given but an imperfect notion of the first, and none at all of the latter, and that it has the still higher merit of being written in a spirit of rare and exemplary candour. We earnestly recommend it to the attention of our readers, as conveying, in a short compass, a singularly clear and satisfactory view of the important subject of which it treats.

VIEWS ON THE THAMES.

Views on the Thames. Illustrated by twenty-five coloured Drawings and Vignettes. By William Westall and Samuel Owen. 4to. Ackermann. London, 1828.

We have not space this week to do justice to this splendid work, but we shall not fail to take an early opportunity of describing and recommending it to our readers.

MUSICAL SOUVENIR.

Musical Souvenir for 1829. C. Tilt. London.

This prettily bound volume contains ten airs, adapted to popular words. As the first experiment of the kind, it deserves encouragement; and we have no doubt that another year the faults it exhibits, which are principally a very coarse paper, and an indifferent type, will be remedied, and that it will every way merit public patronage.

THE BRITISH ALMANAC.

The British Almanac for 1829. 12mo. Pp. 72. 2s. 6d. Knight. London, 1829.

As our Journal was one of the first to call public attention to the improvements effected by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge in British Almanacs, we could not be uninterested in marking the Society's second experiment in this line. We have great pleasure in stating that it seems even more successful than the preceding one. We can give it no higher praise.

GALLERY OF SHAKESPEARE.

Gallery of Shakespeare. Engraved in Aqua Fortis, from Retsch. Hamlet. Rolandi.

THESE beautiful little engravings revive, most agreeably, our recollections of their originals. Any one who values Retsch sufficiently, (and we hope there are many who so value him,) to wish for his works as books of reference by which they may continually refresh their minds with delightful thoughts of Shakespeare and Goethe, will do well to purchase the series of which this cheap and convenient little volume is the commencement.

SONG.

(From the Spanish.)

GENTLY the Zephyrs breathe
Through the laurel-grove and rose,
And I their boughs beneath,
By their music lulled, repose.

Whispers the joyous gale
Of parted bliss to me,
And bids my bark of thought to sail
Over fancy's edifying sea,
Till nigh it seem that heaven
All my pleasures back has given,
The winds so fondly breathe
Through the laurel-grove and rose,
While I their boughs beneath,
By their music lulled, repose.

And what if memory still
Recall mine evil hours,
I half forget my present ill,
When I waken lapped in flowers.
And slumber soon again
Steals away the thought of pain:
'Tis only thus I breathe,
Short respite from my woes,
When I the boughs beneath,
By their music lulled, repose.

Leipzig Fair.—The list of new books that appeared at the last Michaelmas Fair, amounts to 2,922, issuing from the presses of 391 publishers. — *Allgemeine Zeitung.*

THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY CONTAINS

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THE TWO FOUNTAINS.

(Continued from page 855.)

The Stranger's Story.

My name and rank I need not tell you—I need not remember them myself, except inasmuch as the old renown of my family, which clothed me with adventitious honour, and their baronial greatness, which endowed me with large possessions, had an influence on my fate. For years I lived as other nobles, in courts and camps. I fought, as I said, for my country; but I lied—it was for applause. And I said I loved, but again lied,—for my love was the mere energy of desperate weariness. At last I returned to study, and addicted myself particularly to medicine and natural philosophy. In the midst of these occupations, I encountered by accident an obscure student, whom I found to be learned and ingenious; and him I chose as the partner of my researches. He was lame and hump-backed; but his mind had a strange and wild intelligence, which I have scarcely ever known equalled. I discovered him in a dark and miserable street, where he professed to sell scientific books and instruments. I drew him from his wretchedness, and placed him in my mansion. He became my companion at the table and in the laboratory; and I gave him as much of my regard, I had almost said of my affection, as his cold and reserved nature would admit. We always laboured together; yet I soon felt that, though several years younger than myself, he was moving on before me with the strides of a giant. I thought, in truth, of many things besides principles and experiments; while he appeared to give up to systematic thought and observation the whole power and perseverance of his mind. I had, however, enough of petty jealousy to wish that I could be certain of Manuel's greater application, and so have no longer any of those suspicions as to his being my intellectual superior, which, whenever they crossed my brain, were exquisitely painful to my vanity. I was mean enough to watch his movements during several days, and found that at a certain hour of the evening, when I commonly went into society, Manuel uniformly absented himself. This trifling circumstance, which might have a thousand explanations, no one of which would make it of the least importance to me, seized upon my jealous fancy; and I began immediately to fashion an infinite variety of conjectures, each more wild and absurd than its predecessor, but each more terrible to myself. At last I actually followed my dependant when he went on one of his evening expeditious, and tracked him to a small street, near that in which I first found him; I pursued him into a house, and up several flights of stairs, and then concealed myself in a small recess, close to the door of a chamber into which I had seen him pass. The house was mean enough, and I could not conceive what should have brought any one from my splendid saloons and far-receding corridors to such a habitation as that in which I then stood a spy over the actions of him whom I habitually regarded as a friend. But I was not long compelled to doubt: Manuel soon returned, and walked past the nook where I hid myself. I heard his slow, heavy footfall on each step of the stairs, and listened till I thought I had distinguished the jar of the door below as he drew it after him. After a moment's delay, I knocked; and in another moment, I heard a quick light foot; the chamber was opened, and the sweetest voice in the world exclaimed, "Manuel, how good it is of you to return so soon!" I was standing in the shade myself; but there was light in the room, which showed me the fairy figure and animated face of a young girl, as she sprang forward and threw herself on my breast. For a second I was too much surprised to speak or move; and before I had brought together into clearness any of the thousand thoughts that rushed upon me, the beautiful maiden had sprung away from me with a

a shriek, and cried out, "Oh, it is not Manuel!" She was so much startled and shocked that she had scarcely staggered into the room before she was sinking to the ground; and, had I not followed her, and caught her in my arms, she must have fallen. However, she speedily recovered; and I placed her on a couch, which formed a large part of the furniture of the mean apartment. As her senses returned, she attempted to say that she had mistaken me for her brother. The idea flashed upon me of the just reason that Manuel would have to complain of my intrusion upon one of his relations, whose existence he had never hinted to me; and, in turn, I hastily muttered some unmeaning excuse, concealed my name, and left the side of the fair girl.

I endeavoured to escape, not only from her, but from my recollection of her. That animated and resplendent countenance was ever before me as at the moment when she threw herself into my arms; and I felt perpetually that eager and soft embrace which seemed always drawing me to the spot where I had seen the sister of Manuel. I did not dare utter a word to him concerning my adventure; and I was certain, from the continuance of our confidence, (which never, indeed, was very familiar,) that she had been equally silent. At length, after a struggle of many days to blot out the impression she had made upon me, I found a pretext to visit her again. Her childlike guilelessness prevented her from seeing any danger in our intercourse; and yet some vague alarm, which I did not attempt to overcome, induced her to conceal it from Manuel. After a few weeks, the society of Laura had become so completely a necessity of my life, that I did not shrink from persuading her to fly with me into an obscure retreat, where she might be secure against the search of Manuel, until we could find means to appease his anger. I promised to make her my wife; and, after a struggle of many days, the misery of which had almost destroyed her—"O God! maiden, that look will slay me!" Mona hid her face in her mantle, and the stranger continued: "I conveyed her from the city to a distant habitation of my ancestors, which I myself had never before visited. My first emotions were those of triumph and delight; but not so those of Laura; her affection was all turned to bitterness by the consciousness of guilt, to which I was for the most part indifferent. The image of her brother haunted her even in my arms; and at last her disquiet communicated itself to me, and I thought, in the watches of the night, that those dark eyes were burning into my soul through the shadow of Manuel's hollow cheeks and overhanging brow. Amid these months of turbulent and painful gratification, Laura was about to give birth to an heir of our affection. I had never done to my beautiful and gentle mistress the ineffectual justice I had promised; and, even then, my pride of birth prevented me from proclaiming her my wife.

The season was such as it is now. The leaves of autumn strewed the ground; and I often resorted for exercise or solitude to a small garden attached to my residence. It was laid out in old clipped hedges of holly, adorned with fantastic yew-trees, and was surrounded by a high grey wall, in one angle of which, amid a little clump of shrubs, was built a summer-house of carved stone. The devices formerly presented by the topiary work of the garden were now disfigured and exaggerated by want of care; the wall was decaying, and overgrown with moss; and the summer-house was thickly and irregularly draped in ivy, weeds, and wild-flowers. To this plot of ground, on a dull and gusty afternoon, in the beginning of November, I resorted in a moody and unsocial temper. I was distressed by the thought of that disgrace which would be the heritage of my first-born, and of the disappointment and despair of its mother; but I was almost frenzied at the thought of associating, in my name and honours, the daughter of some wretched plebeian, and

the sister of my dependant. Moreover, though my passion for Laura had not in the slightest degree diminished, and had won new tenderness from her present state, I felt that there were large voids in my existence, which would formerly have been filled by some novel object, but which now remained open and aching. I paced the grass-grown and leaf-strewn walks in doubt and agitation; and my mind was not less troubled or boiling than the sky which seemed breathing around me its cold and mist in quick convulsive sobs. For a few moments I walked backwards and forwards, and around the garden, with such mad speed that I was almost instantly wearied, and entered the time-grown pavilion to repose myself upon one of its sculptured benches; but I started back almost in terror when I found that Laura was already beneath its roof. She was kneeling on the stone floor, beside a crucifix which, after the fashion of our ancestors, occupied a niche of the little building; and she clasped to her breast, with the left hand, a small picture of her mother, while the right was stretched forward, and touched the very foot of the cross. She was weeping violently when I approached her, but hastily wiped her tears, and hid the portrait in her bosom, as if she felt that it reproached alike both her and me. In the evil excitement which then possessed me, I reproached her bitterly for her causeless and perpetual grief, and even goaded myself into the atrocity of threatening her that her unreasonable sorrow might at last overcome my affection. For an instant she seemed crushed by the unexpected blow, but almost immediately assumed an appearance of the utmost calm: she said that she would obey me,—that she would cease to lament for herself,—that she regretted nothing, desired nothing,—that she was grateful to me—(the stranger shuddered and hesitated)—"for much kindness; but here somewhat of her firmness forsook her, and she went on more rapidly and irregularly, till at last she broke into a tone of almost delicious supplication, while she entreated me, not for her sake, but for my own, and that of my own child, that I would save myself from being the father of a degraded outcast. I did not dare encounter her glance. My eye wandered for a moment to the roof of the cell, where the shield of my ancestors' arms had been displayed quartered in the antique carving with that of the royal house which intermarried with mine. But time had destroyed the solidity of the structure, and a large block, exhibiting a portion of the escutcheon, had fallen upon the ground. The thought passed through my brain like a flash: Shall the honour of my family be through my means overthrown and degraded like that proud heraldic monument before me, by a marriage with one so humble? I turned away; and, at the first movement of my head, she fell insensible to the floor. But, before I could attempt to raise her, a new object met my gaze. Manuel with his sword drawn in his hand stood full in the doorway, and commanded me to take my eyes from off the miserable victim of my guilt, and to look upon one who had come to avenge her. With trembling and uncertain gesture, I sought the hilt of my weapon, and stood upon my guard; but my glance wandered from my antagonist to the motionless girl who lay at my feet: my heart failed, and at the first in-thrust he put aside my blade and pierced my breast.

Several hours passed away before I remembered any thing of what had happened. My first words were a question as to Laura; and I saw my attendants hesitate and look upon each other. I collected sufficient strength to threaten with death whoever should deceive me, and speedily discovered that she had disappeared, and that every one of the household was utterly ignorant of her fate. This information threw me into a fit of madness, the like of which has returned to me at intervals ever since. Nay, do not avoid me, I am not now raving. I have had enough of delirious visions, in which have mingled the wild and

shadowy forms of Manuel and Laura, and that unborn embryo of my own existence. But what I have told you is of another kind of beauty, solid, outward, palpable, unvarying, imperishable, as actual and bodily as this written brow and these wasted members. I have seen Laura too, and in my dreams, beautiful, gentle, and serene. It was she who murmured that I should visit the Two Fountains,—great God!—tell me, tell me, maiden—are not you the angelic spirit of Laura? And the wretched man fell before her feet, and kissed them, and wet them with his hot tears. A few moments subdued in some degree the paroxysm of his misery, and Mona raised him from the dust, and consoled him; and she spoke to him of God and God's love, and sang soft fragments of old hymns; and, in the silence of the night, the sky and earth seemed listening to her with serene rejoicing. She gave the stranger to drink of the waters of thanksgiving; and the agony of the penitent became tranquil. They knelt together; and Mona blessed God and the Virgin, who can heal the broken heart; and, when he had said Amen, she led him to a rock of rest in the cavern of the Thankful.

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON LISBON.

No. I.

AN English gentleman in the Commissariat, who resided in Lisbon for two years, has placed in our hands a bundle of papers, containing his observations upon that city and its inhabitants. Numerous as have been the travels in Portugal, since Mr. Southey visited it in 1796, it seems, by the reception of Mr. Kinsey's volume, that the public is not yet satiated with accounts of this ancient and dirty capital; for, we apprehend, that even the vignettes, and the French songs, and the quotations from 'Childe Harold,' would scarcely have sold that volume, if there had not been some considerable attractions in the subject. Noting this, we are induced to think that these papers, which at first we were inclined to throw aside, as relating to a somewhat hackneyed subject, may possess some interest for the readers of 'The Athenæum.' We shall not load our columns with all the matter which our contributor has furnished us with, nor shall we give that matter in a connected form. Accounts of a new colony, like those which have recently appeared in our pages from the pen of Lieutenant Holman, must be taken in some measure upon trust; at any rate, we had no documents which could authorise us, (except his remarks, regarding the healthiness of the province, which experience more recent than that of Lieutenant Holman's has proved to be not much greater than that of Sierra Leone,) to suppose that our excellent and intelligent contributor had been betrayed by his necessary reliance upon the eyesight of others into mistakes or misapprehensions. But a narrative of a residence in Lisbon is every way different. We have twenty accounts by which we can correct our correspondent when he is in error; and, for truth's sake, and for our own sake, when we catch him tripping, or when we only think that he has been misled by a partial observation into general conclusions, we shall not scruple to say so; in short, we shall treat his notes as we should any book which came under our review, pointing out where his observations are like those of former travellers, and consequently unimportant, except as confirming the truth of their statements, and where, if he differs from them, it is more likely that he or they are in error. We shall also occasionally interrupt our contributor's narrative to make any remarks respecting the state and prospects of the Lisbonites which it may seem fairly to suggest. The hint of this somewhat unceremonious plan of treating a correspondent, (whom we certainly should not treat in this manner, or allow to occupy any portion of our pages, if we had not a confidence in his general correctness and sagacity,

and also if we had not his full permission to make any use of his papers,) we have borrowed from the last number of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' in which our readers will find a very able and interesting Tour in the United States rendered still more agreeable by the interlocutory observations of Mr. North.

To begin. Our traveller's description of the men of Lisbon tallies pretty exactly with that of all his predecessors. We suppose, therefore, we may take this point for granted, without doing any great injustice to our ancient (western) ally. The fact about the beggar is mentioned also by Mr. Southey, and very likely by more recent writers.

'Perhaps, when taken generally, no race of men on earth (calling themselves civilized) are more disgustingly ugly than the men of Lisbon. Short of stature, thick-set, squalid complexions, and eternally enveloped in their *capotas*, (cloaks,) they stalk along their filthy streets, at once an epitome of pride, laziness, and deformity; the whole appearance generally crowned with a tremendous cocked-hat. This latter is indeed an appendage without which no Portuguese, (in Lisbon,) from the prince to the barber, the footman, the postillion, and the beggar, can possibly be induced to appear abroad; and many wear them constantly in their houses, as also their *capotas*.

'Their pride can only be equalled by their meanness; too self-conceited to work, even those who call themselves gentlemen do not blush to beg in the streets, and infest the coffee-houses, and every place of public resort, with their fawning, detestable whine of poverty; though, even then, they scarcely ever condescend to beg in their own names, but ask all for the love of God or some saint. Say to a beggar in Lisbon, "Here, carry this small parcel for me into the next street, and I will pay you for so doing;" in all probability, he would abuse you, and tell you he was a Portuguese gentleman, and not a *gallego*.'

Some of our readers may have heard counterparts of the following anecdotes from the residents in Portugal, though we do not remember to have seen them in print:

'Two English friends called on me one day; and at the same time a third gentleman, well-dressed, hair-powdered, &c., entered the apartment, (which was on the first floor.) He remained some time in the room before it was noticed that neither the visitors nor the visited appeared to own him, each party waiting for the other to introduce the stranger. This, after some staring on all sides, produced the natural question, "Shall I have the honour to receive your commands?" which was instantly complied with by the usual whine of, "O Senhor! por amor de Dios," &c.; this gentleman being neither more nor less than a polite beggar, who, seeing my friends were Englishmen, had followed them into the house, and up stairs.

'This, however, is nothing uncommon; and I understand that the residents in the upper stories of the houses (perhaps six or seven high) have these better sort of beggars continually knocking at their doors.

'Even if you go into society, you find that though exempt from absolute beggary, yet, few of them being in possession of even a common education, those who have no independent income are unqualified for a liberal profession. Their poverty is often concealed beneath the cloak of ostentation; and, while starving on fried fish and lettuces,* their lazy pride persuades them that the only requisite to gentility is a fine dress; the means of which are found either at the gaming-table† or in nocturnal depredations.

* The natives of Lisbon are nicknamed *Alfainhas*, (lettuce-eaters,) as those of London are called *Cock-nighs*.

† The Portuguese are very fond of cards and games of chance, and, in general, they play high. Gaming-tables are licensed by Government, and there is one for

'The office belonging to the British Commissariat Department of Accounts, in Rua Formosa, was attempted to be entered in the night by means of a ladder, which admitted the parties up to the garden. Being seen by some of the police, they were fired at, but made their escape, with no other inconvenience than leaving behind them the shoes of one of the party, which, when examined, gave pretty strong indications of the quality of the robbers; being of a make, neatness, and polish, unknown to any of the natives, except those who assume to themselves a certain rank in society,—with what justice, this anecdote may help to determine.'

Mr. Kinsey has remarked, that of the Portuguese Aristocracy, *nobilitas est unica virtus* may be predicated in exactly the opposite sense to that in which the phrase is generally understood. But even this *unica virtus* is not built upon a very strong foundation. Our correspondent says,

'Even among their nobility there are few who would be esteemed rich in England, or who are no here; I believe the richest individual of that class is the present Baron de Quintilla, whose father purchased his patent of nobility, being in the first instance a merchant: his great wealth arose chiefly from holding (of the Prince Regent of Portugal) the monopoly of Tobacco and Snuff, no one else being allowed to manufacture either; and the consumption is immense, as all ranks smoke (segars) and take snuff.'

Respecting the women, our traveller is very enthusiastic. He prefaces his observations, however, with some criticisms upon English beauty, which strike us as so very incorrect, that we question whether his opinion in this important matter deserves much attention.

'The women of Lisbon may be said to be handsome; at least, I will state their claims to that distinction. Their hair is in general very fine, dark and abundant, and they take great care of it: their eyes, as beautiful as any in the world, black, or very dark brown, expressive and melting. Love never peeped forth from ambush to take aim at the heart of poor man with surer success, than when he smiles through the long silken eye-lash, that tempers the brilliancy of the eyes of a lovely Portuguese. The teeth, in general white, even, and of good size, which may more than compensate for the mouth being rather too wide. The neck well formed; but, for a bosom! no women on earth equal them; round, full, firm; and with a skin that, through its transparency, shows the azure veins in all their mazy course. They equal Spain in the elegance of an exquisitely fine formed leg, ancle, and foot; of which they are perfectly sensible, for their chief pride and ornament in dress seem to be directed to the stocking and satin slipper. Their hands and arms are, in general, very fine: the former, delicate and tapering; the latter, from the shoulder to the elbow, partake perhaps rather too much of the general character of their person, which, for their height, inclines to the very limits of embonpoint. They are, generally speaking, short in stature, though there are favourable exceptions to the general rule, and some are to be seen, who would be called fine women in any part of the world.

'But, as a drawback to so many charms, they are old at thirty; and, before an Englishwoman is in her prime of beauty, they are gone by, and no more remembered; and, certainly, an old Portuguese woman is any thing but an object of admiration. Their complexions may at all times be called sallow; though, when young, the clearness of the skin, and the glow of health, make it appear far from unpleasant; but, in age, it be-
Faro, &c., &c., open every night at the Opera-House, said to be kept by a firm of noblemen; and it is even affirmed that Government, if not actually a shareholder, participates in its profits.

* When Junot held possession of Lisbon, he took up his quarters in that nobleman's house, who allowed him three hundred dollars a day, to find a table for himself and suite.

comes actual parchment;—in a word, a Portuguese woman, from fifteen to twenty-five, is a lovely object; but, after that, however, love may hold his sway in their bosoms, they certainly lose the power of communicating its influence to others.

They are by no means remarkable for personal cleanliness, and their tempers are very bad; they are very ignorant and very superstitious, consequently cannot make good domestic companions; indeed, their education seems to have been never once thought of as in the least necessary; lolling for three, four, or six hours together out at their balconies, appears to be their only amusement or employment.*

To those of our readers who are not much read in Portuguese travellers, or have not been in the country, the following particulars respecting the changes in Portuguese dress will be interesting. We agree with our correspondent about the propriety of each nation keeping up a separate costume—if it be only for the sake of picturesque effect; but it is idle to expect that the higher class of any country will be very national in dress or anything else.

Till within these very few years, the sword was an indispensable article of dress among the Portuguese, literally from the prince to the beggar; for it was no very uncommon thing to be solicited for charity by a man in ragged ruffles, immense cocked hat, and a rusty small-sword.* But so much have they improved by their intercourse with the French and English during the late war, that a man with a small-sword now in the streets is become an object of curiosity, even to his own countrymen; though among many it is still held to be essential in visits of ceremony, or evening parties. But, generally speaking, all the genteel part of the community endeavour to imitate the English dress in something, and many of the young men dress entirely after our manner, with more success in the attempt than attends the same effort in the females. However, the bulk of the people, both men and women, remain warmly attached to the *capota*, the former with the addition of the cocked hat, and the latter with the white kerchief.

I cannot but think that the costume of the people of every country is that best adapted to them, and that they invariably lose by every attempt at innovation. Thus the Portuguese woman, in the habit of her country, with the neat white kerchief placed upon her head, in a manner, and with an air, peculiar to herself, the clean modest *capota*, and the elegant well-formed leg, with the snow-white stocking, little foot, and neat slipper, is an object of admiration and interest; but see the same woman endeavour to imitate an English one in her dress, her own interesting neatness vanishes in an instant, and she becomes an object of ridicule by her awkward, stiff, and vain attempt. The transposition of the picture is no less true; for no Englishwoman can arrive at the ease and neatness of a Portuguese in the same dress; and the latter, when dressed à l'Anglaise, feels that she has a character to imitate, and must consequently equally feel her inferiority to her prototype. The clown in his coarse jacket, or smock-frock, and leather breeches, or the country lass in her neat stuff gown in England, have their peculiar character expressed by the modesty of their attire; but put the one in a court suit, and the other in a ball-room dress, and they become caricatures.

The next passage we quote as an instance of the trick which even intelligent travellers often fall into of relating circumstances as applicable to the people they are visiting, which are just as true of their own and of all people in the uni-

* This actually occurred to me, more than once, at Madeira; and a soldier, who stood sentinel at the entrance to the Castle, followed me barefooted, (for he had neither shoes nor stockings,) at least a quarter of a mile from his post, to beg tobacco.

verse. The fault, however, is not confined to travellers; and it is learned very early. Who does not remember when he was a child, believing that it was a rule of the *Latin* language, and one which increased the difficulty of acquiring it, that a transitive verb governed the accusative?

When going to pay a visit, or to mass on particular Saint-days, to the theatres, or to view a procession, the women put on their finery, and some dress, on those occasions, in silks, satins, laces, and abundance of jewels; the head-kerchief is then laid aside to make room for the hat, bonnet, or plume of feathers, or wreath of real flowers, which latter they place in their fine hair with much taste and beauty.* While in the street, however, the *capota* is often retained, and wholly conceals their rich dress.

The Portuguese are so enslaved by a passion for dress on these occasions, that many of very confined incomes literally deprive themselves and families of every domestic comfort that they may appear adorned with jewels and lace. They are remarkably careful in the preservation of their clothes; to that end, the moment they return from church, or a walk, &c., they take off their finery; and very often the chemise and *capota* are the only articles of dress retained. These dress-suits often descend with religious awe to the third generation. The greater number appropriate a particular suit to a particular day, which suit, consequently, sees the light but once a year.

If a female has not an extensive wardrobe, but perhaps only one grand dress, and does not care to be always seen in the same, she will change occasionally with some female friend (equally circumstanced) one time, with a second another day, and so on, ringing the changes through half-a-dozen, or more, according to the extent of her acquaintance. Thus a woman that may be supposed to have a variety of elegant dresses, has in fact but one, which one may be in their company, though not on the back of its owner.

If our Portuguese traveller had mentioned a country in which the ladies do not dress when they visit theatres, or pay a visit, he would have added to our stock of information. How he came to know so much about the mode in which the ladies economise their dress, we do not pretend to say. *Non noster hic sermo*. With the following minute and curious observations, we will conclude for the present Number, promising in our next to cull for our readers some really entertaining matter from our Correspondent's papers.

Indeed I have often had occasion to notice the direct opposition these people retain in their manners and customs, to, I believe, every other nation in Europe. Every manual operation they perform backwards, (relatively speaking); we stir our tea from us, with the sun, they towards themselves, against the sun: their carpenters saw from themselves, the back of the saw towards the body; their farriers seldom, or rather never, unless by desire, bleed horses in the neck, but on the inner part of the thigh; and they shoe them in a very different posture to what we do, and it always takes two men to put on one shoe, though their horses are remarkably quiet. Corn is trod out by oxen, a custom which, though practised in some countries, is absolutely antediluvian. Their

* In Spanish South America, the ladies sometimes ornament their heads with a bandeau of living fire, it being formed of the fire-fly, fastened on a black velvet band by the wings, an insect which emits a bright coruscation every time it breathes. What are diamonds compared to this?

There are two species of the fire-fly, one which emits its light from the abdomen every time it inhales its breath, and the other, which is considerably larger, from a round prominence just behind the eye, on each side of the head, like a pair of globe lamps. I have often read by the light afforded by two or three confined in a glass phial. The largest kind are about two-thirds of an inch in length, the other about one-quarter of an inch.

paviours use the paving mallet the very reverse to us, by swinging it on the right side and behind them, before they allow it to fall on the part to be rammed down. I could produce instances without number, in every branch of trade, of this perverseness, proving how backward they are in improvement, but will sum up the whole in stating what I saw one morning; namely, some scavengers actually employed sweeping a very steep street uphill and against the wind, in very dusty weather. Obstinacy and perverseness personified could never beat this. Their fathers and grandfathers may have done so before them, but were not the less fools on that account.

(To be continued.)

LONDON SETS.—No. IV.

THE EVANGELICAL SET.

THOSE pleasures the heroic few derive from sufferings for conscience' sake, do not all proceed from that inward content and satisfaction the fulfilment of a duty always brings with it. A more earthly feeling has had, must have, its share in producing saints and martyrs. It was not only religious love or faith that made the Christian hug destruction as a bride, and brave the terrors of the faggot and the axe, under persecuting Paganism, and worse persecuting Popery; but a certain pride of singularity, a glorying in the possession of exclusive knowledge, and exclusive feelings, finding pain in what the world deemed pleasure, and pleasure in what the world deemed pain, had no inconsiderable influence. The Evangelical Set of the nineteenth century do not seem preeminently devoid of these failings incident to all humanity; and, were they more solicitous than they are for concealment,—did they not glory and exult in the magnitude and variety of their social antipathies, the position they occupy in the world must enforce attention to these characteristics of their body. When we hear the preacher from his pulpit, and the proselyte, amid such small assemblies of mankind as he thinks it safe to enter, for ever urging on our notice the wrongs, privations, sufferings, and insults, that are the daily portion of the truly pious, we are driven to look for proofs of these miseries and hardships, and, finding some difficulty in the search, we might, perhaps, address the complainants somewhat after the following manner:—'Unhappy and most persecuted men, the sufferings of the faithful in times past seem light compared with yours. They were but outcasts from society, houseless, poor, and starving; scorned by the multitude; shunned by their nearest relatives, the friends who had been dearest; with the rack, the faggot, and the axe, looming in all those visions of futurity to which they clung, a little to beguile the intensity of present woe; and when, at last, came the sure and shameful death—they died forgotten, save of one or two, or remembered only as criminals or fools. But you! you are oppressed by wealth and honours, condemned to sumptuous dwellings and luxurious fare,—you are banished from the world to a solitude thronged with admirers and friends; your forward view is peopled with terrific shapes, prospects of large incomes and high dignities; your ear, whilst living, is insulted with applause at meetings, public and select; your name, after death, branded with eulogistic memoirs.'

Let the reader look around him and decide on the truth of this statement. We quarrel not with the Evangelical Set for their possessing a large portion of the goods and comforts of this life, but for their attempt to gloss over the possession, for their endeavour to unite the honours of a suffering with the enjoyments of a triumphant Church. Their querulous recitation of injuries is a solemn mockery grating on the ear like that of the much-wronged and little-pensioned Londonderry, or Leopold, mourning that, to his annual thousands, he may not add a Dukedom.

If a young man enter one of the learned professions, now more overstocked than ever was corn or cattle market, unless he has particular ta-

lent or particular interest, there is only one chance of success for him,—let him become a religious professor. If an individual possessing the art of arranging words in metre wish to sell the thing he terms a poem, let him affix a religious title to it. If some unlucky member of the lower classes, whose wages were before at the starving point, by sickness or the over supply of labour lose his employment, and if he be so heterodox as to disdain parish relief, or so ambitious as to desire an income greater than three shillings weekly, let him teach his wife and children to couch their miseries in religious phraseology. The lawyer or physician, even if disappointed for a time in their anticipations of extensive practice, will, at least, derive from their conversion, free admission to many sumptuous tables, and familiar intercourse with personages, to others proudly inaccessible. The clergyman, though livings and chaplaincies fall slowly, will become the favourite confessor in families of rank and fortune, the flattered idol of female coteries. The verse-maker will enjoy his ten editions and the immortality of 'The Christian Observer,' and 'Eclectic.' The poor man will hear his humble latch unclosed, day after day, to those who, having clearly ascertained that he can pronounce the Shibboleth of their belief, will add to tracts, sermons, and advice, a liberal gift of money, food, and clothing. Are not these strong indications of the wealth, power, and numerical strength of the Evangelical Set?

We have thus endeavoured to show that a premium to hypocrisy is every where held out in this country; but with no malignant feeling. We are well aware, that in the class of which we treat are to be found some of the best and wisest of mankind; some who, devoid of ignorance, prejudice, and exclusiveness,—the besetting sins of most around them,—vince in the charities of private life and the circle of domestic duty, true piety, firm integrity, and enlightened benevolence; nay, who, resisting the allurements of sympathy and the excitements of party, keep themselves sane and untainted by that fever of intolerance, which seems as inseparable from religious associations, as it is incompatible with pure Christianity. But such are not the men whose merits the 'Set' trumpets to the world. They dwell modest and retired, and little known, though much loved. And thence, we think, arises the error into which so many of this land have fallen respecting this very large and fast increasing portion of the community, of whom, as being quite segregated and apart, they seem to know as little as of the natives of Kamtschatka or Timbuctoo. Because the least worthy and least wise of their body are often those whom the 'Set' most delighteth to honour, and to thrust (certainly most willing fuglemen) into public view,—because most of these culled specimens display a sad leaven in their hearts of pride, vanity, and intolerance, the world at large has acquired a tone of fierce animosity and bitterness in speaking of 'The Evangelical Set.' Were our own opinions formed on our own observation of certain popular preachers, or eminent holders forth at Missionary and Bible Meetings, we might possibly sympathise with this hostile spirit; but those who would wish to form a truer and more favourable judgment, must forget the deep-mouthed champions who, in their struggle to advance the banners of the sect, too often shame common charity and common sense, and study the characters of those who, in calmness and retirement, unite to a happiness the worldly know not, a virtue they would do well to imitate. Of the social peculiarities of the 'Set' we have hitherto found no place to treat; they may, perhaps, form the subject of a future paper.

French Academy of Sciences.—At the sitting of Monday the 3d instant, M. Cuvier, the perpetual Secretary, submitted to the Academy a letter from M. Gannal, on the means of re-producing diamonds by the action of phosphorus, brought in contact with carbonate of sulphur, or brimstone.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

Château de Lagrange—General Lafayette—New Works: La Revolution and la Restoration—Chansons Inédites de Béranger—Théâtre-Walstein.

In the country, as I told you in my last, all the better society of Paris is now buried, and Lagrange, from which I am just returned, since the end of the session, has been the *Chausée d'Antin*, where all the most illustrious men in the Chambers, or in literature, have by turns rusticated. There is no want of strangers either; and, as you would expect, the Americans especially are to be seen there in multitudes. The last very conspicuous English visitor there, was Sir Francis Burdett, who has been exerting his eloquence in favour of the *droit d'aînesse*; from which, exclaimed his distinguished host, 'Thank God! the revolution has delivered us!'

The chateau is delightfully situated. It is about thirteen leagues from Paris, and the road is through the rich plains of the ancient province of Brie. We quitted the diligence at the village of Rosoy, about half an hour's ride from the chateau, where a carriage, sent by the General, was waiting for us. Ruined Gothic towers, covered with ivy, which was planted there some thirty years back by Mr. Fox, give a sort of feudal air to the castle, which mingles curiously, but not disagreeably, with the republican associations attached to the name of its owner. The chateau is surrounded by a fine park, which is stocked in a manner that would not harmonise with your English notions. Instead of slight, graceful, aristocratical deer, nothing but the *tiers état* of the animal creation, plebeian cows, and more plebeian sheep, are to be seen grazing within its precincts. For these last animals, the General has a great affection. He superintends their education in person, and exhibits a most philomelic zeal in improving the breed. The English friend who was with me had never seen La Fayette. He was wonderfully struck with his venerable appearance, and especially with the calm, full, and scarcely-wrinkled countenance, upon which a record of the words he has spoken, and the deeds he has performed, for his country, seemed to be legibly engraven. His head, over which seventy-two years have passed, is lofty,—a *peruque à la Titus* covers it, and does not take much from its patriarchal appearance. His tall figure adds to the impression of nobility which his countenance produces upon your mind; and, in short, there is nothing about him, even to his slow and painful walk, a reminiscence of his long captivity at Olmutz, which does not at once attract and affect the heart.

The severest charge ever brought against this great man, whose name is so dear already to two of the greatest nations of the world, and will, some day or other, be pronounced with reverence in its remotest corners, relates to his conduct respecting Louis XVI. and the Royal Family on the memorable 6th of October. In a work, consisting of various interesting anecdotes, from the pen of M. Touchard La Fosse, entitled 'La Revolution, l'Empire, and La Restoration,' which appeared in the course of last week, there is a page upon the insurrection of Versailles, which sets this matter in so clear a light, and so completely exonerates La Fayette from blame, that I am sure you will thank me for transcribing it.

'For a long time,' says M. Touchard, 'it has been fashionable to lay the responsibility of the events of the 6th of October upon the veteran of the American and French Revolutions. Even those who were unwilling to accuse him of direct bad faith, have intimated that he was at least sadly deficient in foresight; and he has been nicknamed, *Le dormeur de Versailles*. Let us see whether he merits their reproaches. M. de La Fayette came to Versailles on the 5th, at ten o'clock in the evening. He instantly placed guards without the gate; but the commanders

of the body guard positively refused to admit the *soldats bourgeois* into the interior. The royal family itself rejected the offers of the Commander-in-chief of the National Guard,—a guard which a very celebrated person stigmatised as the *emaille nationale*. In spite of this treatment, La Fayette neglected no precautions which it was possible for him to adopt. He renewed his declarations of inviolable attachment to the King, and did every thing to convince him of their sincerity; but the distrust of the Court continued, and it is to this cause alone that we must attribute the events which followed, and which were arrested by that very plebeian militia, by that very Lafayette whose offers of assistance had been suspected or disclaimed. Meantime, a band of wretches killed some of the body-guards whom their comrades could not or would not defend. The apartment of the Queen was forced; they rushed to her bed, she escaped, half-naked, just in time to save herself from the pincers of the assailants—the Parisians rushed to their assistance—entered the house in defiance of the opposition of the persons they came to rescue, and the King and Queen were saved. I should like to know where was the negligence of the national guard? Where any want of foresight in their chief?'

The volume from which I have borrowed this passage contains many other pages, doing equal honour to the conduct of Lafayette, under the Republic and the restored Bourbons. Indeed, of the two hundred and twenty persons, whose portraits are hung up in the gallery of M. Touchard, it would not be rash to affirm that Lafayette is the only one who has remained the same, amidst all the changes which, during the third of a century, have been passing under our eyes.*

If Lafayette complies with the wishes of his friends, and writes a history of his life, how many new facts he will reveal; how many intrigues he will be able to explain; for, to say the truth, he is the only Frenchman who lived through the Revolution without participating in its excesses; beheld the empire, and was not dazzled by its splendour; took part in the establishment of the monarchy, and never defiled himself by any of its interested conversions. These three periods of modern French history require a new, a bold, and an impartial pen. The calamitous events immediately subsequent to the restoration have been scarcely touched upon. Thiers and Mignet are far too much of fatalists in their histories of the Revolution; and Béranger, at a time when the eyes of Frenchmen are beginning to be purged of the mists which false notions of glory had called up, has employed his all-powerful pen to encourage the delusion by spreading a dangerous admiration for Napoleon.

This fault is but too evident in the 'Chansons Inédites,' (of which, by the way, in spite of the seizure, ten thousand copies were circulated in the course of one week,) especially in the 'Journal de Waterloo'—the 'Souvenirs du Peuple,' of which our friend—has sent you a copy and a translation, and the dialogue, 'Des deux Grenadiers,' a portrait of military manners, taken at the moment of the abdication of Fontainebleau, in which, notwithstanding their being tainted with Buonapartism, we cannot help admiring the following verses:

Premier grenadier.
Chacun nous répète: il abdique.
Quel est ce mot? apprends-le roi,
Rétablit-on la république?

Deuxième grenadier.
Non, puisqu'on nous ramène un roi.
L'empereur aurait cent couronnes,
Je concevrais qu'il les cédât;
Sa main en ferait des aumônes.
Vieux grenadiers, suivons un vieux soldat.

* We hope our Correspondent means equally honest. To remain the same in opinions and principles, through so many lessons of wisdom, would be a proof both of moral and intellectual weakness.—Ed.

Deuxieme grenadier.

Les valets à nobles ancêtres
Ont fui, le nez dans leur manteau.
Tous, dégalonnant leurs costumes,
Vont au nouveau chef de l'état
De l'aigle mort vendre les plumes.
Vieux grenadiers, suivons un vieux soldat.

The policy of seizing these songs is every where debated, and is so generally condemned by sensible Frenchmen, that I believe the Ministry themselves regret having been drawn into it. It is probable that the scattered insinuations against Charles X., in 'Le Grenier,' in 'Le Chapeau de la Fiancée,' 'L'Echelle de Jacob,' the beautiful Anacreontic ode, 'Encore des Amours,' and those philosophical and original poems, 'Le Comète,' 'La Métamorphose,' and 'Les Bohémiens,' would have been overlooked. But 'Le Sacre de Charles le Simple,' a satire poem upon the Coronation at Rheims, and the five times repeated burthen of 'Le Gerontocratie.'

'Mais les Barbons regnent toujours.'

were too outrageous. You shall have a specimen:

'La France est l'ombre du fantôme
De la France d'un autre temps.
Ce n'est qu'un tout petit royaume:
Mais les Barbons regnent toujours.

'Combien d'imperceptibles êtres!
De petits Jésuites bilingues!
De milliers d'autres petits prêtres
Qui portent de petits bons Dieux!
Beni par eux tout dégénère;
Par eux la plus vieille des cours,
N'est plus qu'un petit séminaire;
Mais les Barbons regnent toujours.'

These songs will most likely take Beranger for a second time to the prison of St. Pelagie. I do not approve of the defence which has been set up for Beranger in 'Le Constitutionnel,' 'Le Globe,' and 'Le Journal de Paris.' The verses which I have quoted seem to me decidedly reprehensible: though of course I disapprove of the measure which the Ministry has adopted with respect to them,—a measure which demonstrates its weakness, and sets it, in this one respect, in most disadvantageous contrast to your Government, which allows such perfect latitude to political squibs and caricatures, even when they are directed against royalty itself. The fact is, that Beranger would never have departed from that noble vein which will make him remembered in all ages, to become a party poet, if the successors of Villèle had continued in the popular course which they commenced, when the recollection of that Minister's dismissal was fresh in their minds. 'Les Barbons regnent toujours' would not have been so melancholy a sentiment to the poet or the people, if their reign had been marked with those improvements which, a few months ago, we began to hope for. But, unfortunately, in this respect, things are retrograding in France. The Jesuits still possess immense power; and it is to them, and not the royal displeasure, that Beranger, in spite of M. Dupin's eloquence, will be sacrificed. He has attacked Montrouge much more bitterly than the throne; ecclesiastical oppression, much more than monarchical extravagance. As a proof that the power of the sect of Loyola is still undiminished at the Tuilleries, I mention the following anecdote, for the correctness of which I can vouch: M. Viennet, a distinguished poet, and a member of the Chamber of Deputies, asked M. Roy, the Minister of Finance, why he did not dismiss M. Vaulchier, Postmaster-General, and M. Seyrier de Marheinal, both fanatical Jesuits, and accomplices of the ex-Ministry, from their posts? 'Ask the King,' replied the liberal Minister, 'why he does not dismiss me; that favour you might obtain easily, but not the removal of these two gentlemen.' Judge from this how much sincerity there is in the pretended proscription of the Jesuits.

I wanted to speak to you of a translation of Schiller's 'Wallenstein,' which has been lately

played at the Théâtre Français; but I must defer any notice of this till my next letter. The papers have, of course, informed you of the death of Monti.

F.

EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL.

The city of Edinburgh, we think it right to inform our readers, is about to possess a weekly 'Literary Journal.' From what we hear of the nurse to whom our juvenile sister is to be committed, we think it exceedingly likely that she will be reared, and that she will turn out a somewhat formidable rival to us and our contemporaries on this side of the Tweed. This we say in confidence to the public; but to the little girl herself we must address a different language; we must speak to her with the feelings, and in the language, of a parent. 'Dear Literary Journal,' we would say, 'you know not into what a world of sin and sorrow you are about to enter. You are not aware of all the disappointments, and rebuffs, and jealousies, and jiltings, that you will meet with in your passage through it. Oh! how fortunate it is for your little heart that it is ignorant of the future! How glad we are that we cannot make you comprehend the trials and temptations you will meet with from friends and foes—from authors and publishers, from contributors inserted and contributors rejected; but why should we agitate our own mind and yours by lengthening out the wretched catalogue? And as yet, too, your little heart is innocent; the guilt of unreviewed journals, unread poems, unanswered correspondents, does not oppress you! Poor child! you will know it all in time; and, very likely, some months hence, you will hold us, your elder sister, who have given you so much good advice, as a mortal enemy, and will endeavour to scratch out our eyes. Well, we are the most forgiving of females; and, if you behave prettily, and do not overstep the modesty of nature, in your coquetries with our admirer, the Public, you will find, that, much as we may fear your rivalry, we shall be very glad to cultivate your friendship.'

THE DRAMA.

Drury-Lane.

'THE STRANGER' has been twice performed at this Theatre during the last week, and was announced for repetition last evening with great applause. The introduction of the successful debutante, Miss Phillips, in a second and more arduous character, (Mrs. Haller,) has given us an opportunity of speaking more decidedly on the merits of this young lady, being now enabled to compare her more closely with our recollections of 'the thing that we have seen and now can see no more.' We think, too, the character better suited to her style and talents than her former one; at least in the first scenes, where there is nothing to exhibit but the tranquil and almost contented serenity of subdued sorrow, so easily transformed, as it is, into a maudlin kind of sentimentality, and so often ridiculed under that name, we never saw any thing more sweet, dignified, and perfect. Indeed, if we are rightly informed of Miss Phillips's age, the strictness, we might almost say, severity, of her taste and judgment is quite astonishing. In the more animated and impassioned parts there was a want, if not of pathos, yet certainly of strong and general effect; and here the comparison with departed excellence was much less to her advantage than in the former scenes: it seems that the deep, the harrowing, the heart-searching tones which still haunt our imagination and dreams, are never again to be realised to our senses. Notwithstanding this, we could particularise several passages, such as the words, 'I am married,' in answer to Stainfort's question, her abrupt departure from him, and subsequent confession of her guilt to the Countess,—which were done in a manner almost as near perfection as possible.—Upon the last subject, by the way, we have a little criticism to propound to Mr. Cooper: much has been said about the deficient morality of this play; we wish, therefore, if the charge be true, that he would make it a little more consistent, by expunging a piece of overstrained morality, than which nothing

more shocking or affronting to right feeling exists upon the stage. It is the determination of the Countess, (with whom, as a benevolent, good sort of woman, we are expected, of course, to sympathise,) on hearing Mrs. Haller's confession, to abandon and drive her from her house; which resolution, though only momentary, (and, therefore, it might as well on all accounts be omitted,) is, notwithstanding, for that moment, most harshly and offensively discordant to the feelings excited (in the spectator, at least) by the pitiable situation of her protégée.

To return to Miss Phillips: we are assured, by her voice and manner, that she feels the part she sustains; but a still more delightful evidence is the genuine suffusion of colour which the moment of feeling never fails to spread over her neck and countenance. We think (and hope we are right) that she does not rouge at all—very little, certainly—for to that we would attribute a want of effective expression in her eyes, which is much assisted by that means, and which it will be necessary to assume in many characters in which we trust to see her successful. The expression of her countenance generally, though rich in all grace and sweetness, certainly wants effectiveness and power; and this is her principal and most serious disadvantage; for, though years may add to the perfection of her figure, and increase the melody and fulness of her voice, they cannot bring that great essential to tragic excellence—the power of feature, the energy of eye, which, without the aid of either voice or gesture, can melt, and thrill, and agitate the heart. It may be otherwise with men; but, in the female countenance, those lines which impair the beauty, never add to the beauty. There is at present, too, a want of ease and abandonment in her delivery, much superior as she is in that respect to any of her tragic contemporaries, which (considering her extreme youthfulness and inexperience) is not inconsistent with the possession of first-rate genius, but which can never consist with its complete display. This remains to be improved, and must and will be so, by experience and increased confidence in her own powers; and this improvement we shall anxiously expect, yet wait for in all patient humility and simple faith, considering Miss Phillips, in the mean time, as a treasure found early, and therefore rejoicing as it is likely to endure the longer in possession; whose value, too, will be increased by use, because what we admire in it is intrinsic, and not due to novelty or premature display.

POPULAR LITERATURE.

'Ut in vitâ, sic in studiis, pulcherrimum et humanissimum existimo, severitatem comitatumque miscere, ne illa in tristitiam, hæc in petulantiam, procedat.'—Pini Epistola.

Collecting toys
As children gathering pebbles on the shore.
Milton's Paradise Regained.

I.

1. POETICAL.

Fane of Dante.—Voltaire said of Dante, that, 'his reputation will now be continually growing greater and greater, because there is now nobody who reads him.' Dr. Johnson said something very similar respecting Milton's 'Paradise Lost.'

Cowley's Epitaph.

Hic spargit flores, spargit breves rosas;
Nam vita gaudet mortua floribus;
Herbique odoratis corona
Vatis adhuc cinerem calentem.

2. SENTIMENTAL.

Personal Secrets.—Every man has some secret, which, if revealed, would tend to make him hated or despised.—Goethe.

Errors and Accidents.—Krautznher classed every error into which he plunged among the chances of the moment; a small link well deserving to be snapped from the chain of life; the materials of which a man forges his own fetters are seldom of so brittle a nature.—Sophia Lee.

Humility.—Humility is the soul's grave, into which she enters not to die, but to meditate, and inter some of her troublesome appendages. Never compare thy condition with those above thee; but, to secure thy content, look upon those thousands with whom thou wouldst not, for any interest, change thy fortune and condition.—Jeremy Taylor.

3. DRAMATICAL.

Extraordinary Effects of the Admirable Crichton's Drama.—The effects produced by a drama, written by the Admirable Crichton, as recorded by Urquhart, are truly wonderful. 'A young lady, not being able to support the well-beloved burden of so excessive delight'

and entrancing joys of such mercurial exhilarations, through the ineffable ecstasy of an over-mastered apprehension, fell back in a swoon, without the appearance of any other life in her than what, by the most refined wits of theological speculators, is conceived to be exercised by the purest parts of the separated entelechies of blessed saints in their sublimest conversations with the celestial hierarchies.—*Urquhart's Vin-dication of Scotland.*

Chinese Comedy.—The indelicacy which prevails on the Chinese stage is no less remarkable than the contempt of their dramatists for the Three Unities. De Guignes mentions a piece, in which the heroine 'devint grosse et accoucha sur le théâtre d'un enfant.'—*Voyage à Peking, Tome II. p. 24.*

4.—RHETORICAL.

Printed Oratory.—The wreath which many a melting congregation has bound round the brows of an admired pulpit orator, has often been untwined by the rude and vulgar hand of his own printer.—*Quarterly Review, i. 97.*

Specimen of Enumeration.—The proprietor of surplus food does not rest satisfied with the supply of his physical wants. He must array himself in splendour and elegance; he must extend the size and accommodation of his buildings; he must affect the parade of ornamental furniture; he must have a train of dependants to give éclat and dignity to his establishment; he must have rulers to preserve the peace and order of the community; he must have soldiers to defend him from the violence of invasion; he must have musicians to delight his ear with the enchantments of sound; he must have poets to regale his fancy with the representations of nature; he must have philosophers to satiate a restless and inspiring curiosity; and he must have priests to instruct him in the sacred mysteries of religion.—*Dr. Chalmers's National Resources.*

5.—ROMANTIC.

Sea of Stars.—At the source of the Chinese river Whang-ho, there are more than a hundred springs, which from their sparkling are collectively called the Sea of Stars.—*Gaubil.*

Mountain Invitation.

Come, hie me to the Highlands I O, once more
I long to swathe me in the streaming mist,
That wreathes its tresses beautifully hoar
Upon the crested mountain, to be blessed
By still, sweet solitude, where the stream is kissed
By woods that bend them o'er it lovingly;
And free to rhyme and ramble as I list,
To wander mid the thousand thoughts that lie
Slumbering by lonely lake, or vision'd in the sky.
J. G. Crosbie.

6.—PICTURESQUE.

Alpine Contrasts.—The eye, fatigued with the splendour of Alpine snows and ice, reposes with delight on the dark pine forests which border them, whose deep green is finely contrasted with the whiteness of the glaciers crossing them, and running down to the borders of the fertile and smiling valleys, which are watered by brooks produced by their melting.—*Saussure, Voyages dans les Alpes.*

Spray of the Oak.—The oak divides his boughs from the stem more horizontally than most other deciduous trees. The spray breaks out in right angles, or in angles that are nearly so; forming its shoots commonly in short lines: the second year's shoot usually taking some direction contrary to that of the first. Thus, the rudiments are laid of that abrupt mode of ramification, for which the oak is remarkable. When two shoots spring from the same knot, they are commonly of unequal length; and one with large strides generally takes the lead. Very often, also, three shoots, and sometimes four, spring from the same knot. Hence the spray of the oak becomes thick, close, and interwoven; so that, at a little distance, it has a full, rich appearance, and more of the picturesque roughness than we observe in the spray of any other tree. The spray of the oak also generally springs in such directions as give its branches that horizontal appearance which they generally assume.—*Gilpin, Forest Scenery.*

7.—MUSICAL.

Twilight Music.—To insure the full effects of music, twilight is, perhaps, indispensable, because, in the balance of nervous affections, the optic and auditory nerve cannot stand simultaneous excitement. The brain cannot bear two enjoyments at once. We must also be at some distance, (at least a foot,) from any other body, insulated in and surrounded by a musical atmosphere. The animal heat of other persons destroys musical delight.—*Cottugno.*

8.—CRITICAL.

Goldsmith's Poetry.—We may judge of the value of some contemporary criticism, by the opinions given of the most popular of Goldsmith's poems, when first

published. Dr. Kenrick, for example, pronounced 'The Traveller' to be 'flimsy;' and he sneeringly said of 'The Deserted Village,' that it was 'pretty,' but deficient in 'fancy, dignity, genius, and fire.'—*Vide London Review, in locis.*

Petrarch's Concetti.—Like most of the Italian poets, Petrarch abounds in concetti: yet more of these have been fancied than found. A poet who possesses this vein himself, imagines he meets it wherever he goes. The simplest thoughts seem dressed out in point. The ideas that pass in review before him partake of the colour of his mind; and his fancy, like Shakspeare's green-eyed monster, 'makes the food it feeds on.'—*Young's Critique on Gray.*

9.—ACADEMICAL.

Preaching and Patronage of the Devil.—There is one who is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England. And will ye know who it is? I will tell you. It is the Devil. He is never out of his benefice; he is never out of his parish; call on him, and you will always find him at home; he is never from his plough. The Devil hath also caused patrons to sell their benefices; yea more, he gets himself to the University and causeth great men and esquires to send their sons thither, and put out poor scholars that should be divines; for their parents intend not that they should be preachers, but have a show of learning.—*Bishop Latimer's Sermon of the Plough, London, 1548.*

10.—MYTHOLOGICAL.

Spinozism of the Hindus.—The following Spinozism occurs in the VEDA: 'The whole universe is piece of the Creator, proceeds from the Creator, subsists in him, and returns to him. This first Being alone, and without likeness, was the ALL in the beginning: he could multiply himself under different forms; he created fire from his own essence, which is light,' &c. &c.—*Veda, Traduct. par Perron.*

Venus the Origin of all Things.—It was a very early opinion in Greece and other parts of the east, that all things proceed from the goddess Venus, an opinion to which Lucretius alludes in the opening of his extraordinary poem, 'De Naturâ Rerum.' The following is a more early authority:

Παῦτα γὰρ ἐκ σεβεν ἐστίν—γεννάς δε τα πάντα
Ὅσα τ' ἐν οὐρανῷ ἐστί, καὶ ἐν γαίῃ πολυκάρφῃ,
Ἐν ποταμῷ τε, βυθῷ τε.—*Orphic Hymn to Venus.*
From these are all things: all things spring from thee
Thence heaven above, the many-peopled earth,
In ocean or the abyss.—*Goold.*

11.—IDOLATROUS.

Mechanical Praying.—In the nearly-allied religions of Budh, Fo, and the Lama of Thibet, a set of prayers are inscribed on a cylinder like a drum, and at certain times of the day are set in motion to save the priests the trouble of repeating them. A Jesuit is reported to have discovered a similar short cut to devotion, by repeating the letters of the alphabet, which he maintained to comprise all the possible forms of prayer.—*Moorcroft's Journey.*

Image Worship of the Catholics.—Many of the Pagan rites were adopted by the early Fathers of the Church, to win, as they said, the Heathens to Christ. Pope Gregory the Great expressly states in his Epistles (ix, 9) that the images and pictures were introduced into the churches for the sake of the Pagans. Paulinus expressly declares that this and similar things were done to draw the Heathens the more easily to the faith of Christ, since they attracted crowds to gaze, among whom some might remain to adore.—*St. Paulini Opera, IX.*

12.—SUPERSTITIOUS.

The Deaf Stone of Ayr.—In Kyle [a district of Ayrshire] is a stone, nocht xiii mylis fra the town of Ayr, xxx feet of hycht and three ellis breid, callit the deaf stone; for quhen ane man is at the fut of it he may nothir heir quhat is said nor done on the tothir syde, howbeit ane cannon wer schot at it. Nochtless, ay the more he standis a dreich fra it, he heris ay the better.—*Bellenden's Boottiss, edit. Edin., 1541.*

Transmigration of Souls.—In some parts of the East, where the doctrine of transmigration is popularly believed, they expose the bodies of the dead on iron gates till they are devoured by birds, into which the souls of the deceased are supposed to pass.—*Mandelstoe, apud Harris, 769.*

13.—MAGICAL.

Bone of Invisibility.—The following sage directions are current in the north of Ireland for procuring a bone which will render the possessor invisible. Take a black cat, without a single white hair, and boil it in secret, on All Hallow's Eve, till it becomes a complete jelly. When this has been done, place yourself before a looking-glass, into which you must look over your

left shoulder; then take the cat's bones out of the jelly one by one, and hold them severally in your teeth till you perceive yourself disappear in the looking-glass. The bone which produces this effect is the one which is sought; and it will only require Fortunatus's wishing cap, and Jack the Giant-killer's shoes of swiftness, to complete your equipment.

Gyges's Ring.—Gyges, being shepherd to the Governor of Lydia, fell into a rent made by an earthquake, and found a brazen horse, hollow within, and having doors opening into it. In this horse lay a dead body, on whose hand was a gold ring, which he took and brought away. He soon discovered that, upon turning the stone of the ring inwards or outwards, he could make himself visible or invisible at pleasure. By means of this ring, Gyges debauched the Queen, killed the King, &c., &c. Would not the possession of such an instrument corrupt the most virtuous?—*Plato, Republ., lib. ii.*

14.—ONEIROLOGICAL.

Lucky Numbers.—In venturing in the Lottery, the French depend upon the lucky numbers pointed out by dreams, according to the following: An eagle gives 8, 20, 46; an angel, 20, 46, 56; a buck, 10, 30, 90; robbers, 1, 19, 33; a mushroom, 70, 80, 90; a polecat, 13, 83; a toad, 4, 46; the devil, 4, 70, 80; a turkey-cock, 8, 40, 66, &c., &c.—*Dictionnaire Infern.*

15.—ALCHYMICAL.

Fruitless Labours.—If any one should take a thorough view of the works of the alchemists, he might, perhaps, be at a difficulty which he should withhold—his tears or his laughter. For the alchemist goes on with an eternal hope; and, where his matters succeed not, lays the blame upon his own errors, and accuses himself as not having sufficiently understood either the terms of his art, or his author, whence he hearkens out for traditions or auricular whispers; or else fancies he made some mistake as to the exact quantity of the ingredients, or vicety of the experiments; and thus repeats the operation fruitlessly without end.—*Lord Bacon.*

16.—LUDICROUS.

Catholic Prohibition.—In Spain, lettuce is forbid to be eaten on Easter-day, under pain of the Inquisition. The reason of this is not mentioned, and is utterly beyond our comprehension.—*Dictionnaire Infern.*

Kentish Prohibition.—In a license granted to an alehouse by six Kentish justices of the peace is the following

'Item.—You shall not utter, nor willingly suffer to be uttered, drunk, or taken, any tobacco, within your house, cellar, or other place thereunto belonging.'—*Miscell. King James I., in Arch. Soc. Antiq., vol. viii.*
In all deference to their royal master's famous 'Counter-Blaste,' the Kentish justices no doubt concealed their knowledge of its wonderful powers in brightening the memory, of which their publican could have given them ample proof; for, let a man be ever so drunk, he is quickly reminded by tobacco to drink again!!!—*Vide 'Brasbridge's Fruits of Experience.'*

II.

'That knowledge is not to be reckoned useless which, though useless in itself, sharpens genius and sets the mind in order.'—*LORD BACON.*

1.—POLITICAL.

Dutch Policy.—In former times, there was no branch of European industry which the spirit of persecution did not drive into Holland, or which Dutch liberty did not attract thither, when Holland was regarded as a secure asylum against political tyranny and oppression.—*La Richesse de la Hollande.*

East India Company.—Monopoly Companies keep out capital that would go to the countries to which they trade, in order to preserve the very existence of the companies; and the acquisition of political power is often prejudicial to the mother country, generally ominous to the association itself, and always fatal to the distant provinces over which its dominion is suffered to extend.—*Brougham's Colon. Pol., i. 320.*

2.—HISTORICAL.

Assassins.—When Henry of Champagne was in Syria, the Sheikh-Al-Jebal, or Old Man of the Mountain, to show him his power, waved his hand, and ten young men precipitated themselves from the top of an adjacent tower. In order to rouse their courage to carry on their assassinations, (a word derived from *Hass*, 'to kill,') the most voluptuous images were presented to their minds, as specimens of the bliss reserved in Paradise for the most daring. They were carried in a state of intoxication to the most delightful gardens, and every sense was gratified to the utmost extent.—*Marco Polo apud Harris, i. 599.*

3.—BIOGRAPHICAL.

David Allan, the Scots Painter.—Like Priestly and some other men of genius, David Allan was a seven months' child, and, soon after birth, narrowly escaped death from a fall. The first dawning of his talents was when he was confined with a severe burn upon his foot while still a boy, when he began to sketch men, houses, &c., on the floor with chalk. At school, he drew upon his slate a humorous sketch of his master, flogging a boy, which so irritated the knight of the *tause*,* that he complained to Allan's father, who was wise enough to order that the boy should be removed to Faulis's painting academy at Glasgow. There young Allan made such proficiency, that he was patronised by several ladies of distinction, at whose expense he was sent to Italy, where he studied eleven years, and carried off the gold and silver medals from the academy of St. Luke. He published his '*Gentle Shepherd*' in 1786.—*Gentle Shepherd Illustr.*, p. 621.

Greene, the Poet's, last Legacy.—As a last legacy, Greene left the following letter addressed to his wife:—'Dell, I charge thee, by the love of our youth, and by my only rest, that thou wilt see this man [the beaver, we suppose] paid; for, if he and his wife had not succoured me, I had died in the streets.'

* ROBT. GREENE.

4.—CHRONOLOGICAL.

Ages of History.—The Northern nations divide time into *Bruma-ulla*, the age of funeral piles; and *Haugis alid*, the age of graves. During the first, widows put themselves to death, and were afterwards burnt. During the latter, this was discontinued.—*Jameson, Dic. of Nat. Hist.*

5.—TRADITIONAL.

St. Patrick's Purgatory.—Cæsar uses the following argument for the existence of the Catholic Purgatory. We shall quote his own words:—'Qui de purgatorio dubitat Scotiam [i. e. Hiberniam] pergat, purgatorium sancti Patricii intret, et de purgatorio paenis amplius non dubitabit.—*Cæsar apud Keating.*

6.—TOPOGRAPHICAL.

Lot's Wife.—It is not improbable, nor impossible, that the locality of Lot's wife may yet be discovered. Salt in the East is the emblem of incorruptibility.—*so Numb. xviii. 19*, a covenant of salt; and the same in *2 Chron. xiii. 5* A pillar of salt, therefore, means an incorruptible or perpetual pillar. Lot's wife was probably incriminated with volcanic matter, like Pliny the Elder.—*King's Morals of Crit.*

It is rather inimical to the latter conjecture, that Mr. Ford, in a recent examination of the rocks on the borders of the Dead Sea, found no indication of volcanic productions.—*Mag. Nat. Hist. Nov.*

Dumbarton Castle.—The rock upon which Dumbarton Castle is now built stands upon a low tongue of alluvial land, which projects into the river Clyde; but this piece of land is only a recent encroachment upon the water; for Harding tells us, that the castle-rock of Alwyd (Dumbarton) was, in An. Dom. 1434, regularly surrounded by the tide.—*Harding's Chronicle*, 231.

7.—BIBLIOGRAPHICAL.

Prynne's Histrionastrix.—In the very singular work compiled by Prynne, entitled '*Histrionastrix*,' there are quoted upwards of a thousand authors. It was at first comprised in a single quire of paper, but afterwards extended to seven volumes folio. According to his own account, he 'seldom dined,' that he might have time to quote squadrons of authorities.' Mr. Cooke justly says of Prynne, that he read more than he studied, and relied more than he considered.

Druid Writings.—The Druids of the Continent never committed their mysteries to writing; whereas the Druids of Ireland are known to have written theirs.—*Dr. Parsons, Rem. of Japhet.*

Colonel Vallency says, that the Irish Druids wrote on birch tablets, with an iron style.—*Vallency, Collect.*

8.—NUMISMATICAL.

Ancient Scots Coins.—We are told by Hector Boëce, 1494, that Brudus, King of the Picts, sent a great quantity of money (*pecunia*) to Edwin, the Saxon King, as a stipendiary against the Scots. Money seems to have been known in Scotland so early as the time of David I.

In the time of James IV., a coin, value tenpennies, called a Douglas-groat, was in use, and *Babies*, at three pennies each. A gold penny was coined by James II., called, from the device, the Lyon penny: on the reverse

verse was an image of St. Andrew. David II. was the first king who coined groats in silver. A kind of money called black pennies, which was very unpopular, was abolished by James III.—*Nicholson's Scot. Hist. Library.*

9.—ETYMOLOGICAL.

The Word Rama.—M. Chateaubriand translates, 'In Rama was heard a voice,' &c. (Matthew ii. 18.) 'Une voix a été entendue sur la montagne, avec des pleurs et de grands gémissements: c'est Rachel pleurante ses fils,' &c. '*Rama*, Hebreu,' he continues, '(d'où le mot *raïmonos* des Grecs) se dit d'une branche d'arbre, d'un bras de mer, d'un chaîne de montagnes. La Vulgate le dit dans Jérémie, *vox in excelso*.'—*Génie du Christianisme*, ii. 49.

Origin of the Word Field.—Inattention to the principle that the sound of words is no indication of the sense, has betrayed Horne Tooke into many errors:—'Thus he derives "field" from *felled*, that is, a piece of ground in which the wood is felled; whereas we conceive it is a corruption of *cultus*; as if *fultus*, *fuld*, *field*, i. e. a cultivated piece of ground, precisely in the same way as *χολος* became *dos*, and *χολη*, *fel*, gall.'!!!!—*Rees's Cyclopædia*, Art. *Grammar*.

The Word Idolatry.—In the pure language of Ionia and Athens, *Εἰδωλον* and *Λατρεία* were ancient and familiar words, the former expressing likeness, (Hom. *Odyssey*, xi. 601,) an image created by art or fancy; the latter, any sort of service or slavery. The Egyptian Jews who executed the Septuagint, restrained the usage of these words, as in *Exod. xx. 4, 5*, to the religious worship of an image, and hence the present meaning of *Idolatry*—*Εἰδωλολατρεία*.

Airt.—There is no English word synonymous with the Scotch '*Airt*,' which must either be expressed by 'point of the compass,' or the general word 'direction.' The word itself is originally Erse. In Welch and Cornish it is *arth*, or bear, whence, perhaps, *Arcturus*, one of the northern stars. In modern Irish it is *aird*, and seems to exist in the Teutonic *wart*, *locus*, a place. 'What *airt* is the wind?' is Scots for 'What direction is the wind?'

10.—LOGICAL.

Reversed Arrangement.—The negro bards of Africa who sing the deeds of their heroes in a manner similar to that which seems to have prevailed among all uncultivated nations, appear to have no notion of logical method, for they arrange all their narratives in a backward series.—*Park's Travels*.

Velocity of Reasoning.—The operations of the mind may be so subtle that we draw conclusions without perceiving the entrance of the premises into the mind; so sudden, indeed, are some of those operations of the mind, that we are at a loss whether to call them by the name of judgments or of simple perception.—*Priestley's Inquiry*, 3d edit., p. 319.

With all due deference to Dr. Priestley, premises do not enter the mind as food enters the body, but are a part of the mind in the same sense as the organs which enable us to digest our food are parts of the body.

11.—ECONOMICAL.

Fattening without Food.—Solomon says, that 'a merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones,'—the origin, no doubt, of our common proverb, 'Laugh and grow fat.' There is nothing, however, fattens faster than flagellation with green nettles, a fact said to be well known to hired nurses, who wish their infants' charges to look plump.—*Vide Meibomius de l'Utilité de la Flagell.*

Management of Fires.—Always keep large fires when there is a small dinner, or when the family dines abroad, that the neighbours, seeing the smoke, may commend your good house-keeping; but, when much company is invited, be sparing of the coals, because a great deal of the meat, being half raw, will be saved and served for next day.—*Dean Swift*.

12.—MERCANTILE.

Traders.—Traders are men upon whom speculative notions take the least hold. They are but untractable subjects for the attempts of visionaries and malcontents. To retain their routine of profit, they will submit to many real inconveniences. Insults to themselves, when they only touch their honour without affecting their purse, are felt with little acuteness; and the general injuries or wrongs of the community are of no more consequence in their eyes, than the entries of a neighbour's ledger are in balancing their books.—*Brougham's Colon. Pol.*

BIRMINGHAM CONCERT.

On Thursday, the 7th instant, a grand concert was held in Birmingham, which was very numerously attended. The principal vocal performers were Miss Wilkinson, Mons. and Madame Schütz: the orchestra was under the direction of Mr. Mori. Madame Schütz was in good voice, and performed the part allotted to her with considerable ability; but the great object of attraction was Miss Wilkinson, who gave Lindley's beautiful song, 'Go, bid your faithful Ariel,' with a charm quite peculiar to herself. Such of our musical friends as were present at the Derby festival will remember the enthusiasm with which this same song was received. Miss Wilkinson's success was no less complete on Thursday.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The letter on Mr. Haydon's picture was unavoidably omitted last week, but it will certainly be inserted in our next Number. We have to apologise to our musical friends for being in long arrears with their publications; but we will positively cancel the debt to all of them very speedily.

We have received the last Number of '*The Foreign Review*,' but, as we omitted to criticise the last number of the rival publication on its first appearance, we shall defer any notice of its contents for the present. Both these works, however, will receive a due meed of applause from us in an early number.

'F' is entirely mistaken. We are not party politicians in any sense of the word, and abstain from the topics which are now agitating Great Britain and Ireland, quite as much from inclination as from policy. On general politics, of course, we are obliged occasionally to express our opinions, for they are inseparably connected with literature. He will understand, therefore, that his squib against the Bruuswickers will not at all suit our journal. Our reasons for inserting a paper on that subject, which appeared in a late Number of '*The Athenæum*,' we then explained; and it will be the last of the kind we shall receive, except, indeed, a paper on the opposite side should be presented to us, in which case we might be tempted, by way of showing our impartiality, to deviate from this resolution.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Peers's Typical Instruction, 8vo., 14s.
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Close's Historical Discourses, second edition, 12mo., 5s.
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The Protestant: a Tale of the Reign of Queen Mary. By the author of 'The White Hoods,' 3 vols., 8vo., 1l. 11s. 6d.
Dr. Kitchener's Housekeeper's Ledger for 1829, 3s.
Bishop Jolly on the Sunday Services prescribed by the Liturgy, 4s.
Willmer's Housekeeper's Account Book for 1829, 2s.
Sir Matthew Hale on the Knowledge of Christ Crucified, with an Essay, by the Rev. D. Young, 12mo., 5s.
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Practical Suggestions towards Alleviating the Sufferings of the Sick, part II., 12mo., 7s.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temp. registered at 9 A.M. and 5 P.M.	No.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Barom. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Cloud.
Mon.	3	46 45	30.24	N.E.	Serene.	Cum. Cirr.
Tues.	4	43 40	30.23	E.	Ditto.	Cumulus.
Wed.	5	424 39	30.18	Ditto.	Fair Cl.	Cirro-cum.
Thur.	6	41 48	30.07	Ditto.	Fair Cl.	Cirrostratus
Frid.	7	44 40	29.91	S.E.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Sat.	8	34 37	29.97	E. high.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Sun.	9	37 41	29.53	N.E.	Clear.	Cumulus.

Nights and mornings fair throughout the week.

Highest temperature at noon, 51°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon and Venus in conjunction on Monday, at 8h. 45 m. A.M.

The Sun and Mars quartile on Wednesday, at 10h. 15m. A.M.

The Moon and Jupiter in conjunction, on Friday, at 1h. 30m. A.M.

Mars' geocentric long. on Sunday, at 12° 52' in Aquarius.

Jupiter's ditto ditto 23° 17' in Scorpio.

Sun's ditto ditto 17° 5' in Ditto.

Length of day on Sunday, 9 h. 8 min. Decreased, 9h. 26'.

Sun's hor. motion on Saturday, 2' 39" plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, 9.99534.

* Cat-o'-nine-tails, the ferula used in Scotland.

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